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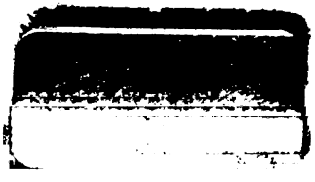

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

WITH THE PROFESSOR

BY

GRANT SHOWERMAN

PROFESSOR OF LATIN LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
1910

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Published, February, 1910

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PREFACE

THE author tenders thanks to *Harper's Magazine* for permission to reprint Chapter I, to the *Atlantic Monthly* for Chapters II and XII, to *Scribner's Magazine* for Chapter IV, and to the *Educational Review* for Chapters III, V, VI, VIII, and IX.

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INTRODUCTION

WHAT M. Anatole France says of the literary critic: "The critic, if he would be frank, ought to say: 'Gentlemen, I am going to talk about myself apropos of Shakespeare, or Pascal, or Goethe,'" contains a formula which might also be applied to the Professor's sponsor. He, too, if he would be frank, ought to say: "Gentlemen, I am going to talk about myself apropos of the Professor."

And yet, he desires nothing less than that his words should be regarded as autobiographical. It will transpire that the Professor herein delineated is bald, and has half a dozen children; whereas he himself has but two children, and displays not the least symptom of baldness. Could anything make clearer the fact that the Professor and himself are not identical?

He begs, therefore, that the chapters which follow will not be looked upon as autobiography, but as fiction—with just the amount of truth necessary in an age of realism to make it convincing.

With this, he draws the curtain on his friend the Professor——

WITH THE PROFESSOR

CHAPTER I

A PRELUDE ON PESSIMISM

It was Saturday morning. The Professor's library was flooded with genial sunlight, and the Professor himself seemed somewhat under the same warm influence. He was lying back in his chair, his eyes resting on a little pile of books and a few sheets of manuscript lying on the table before him, and his features were relaxed in a smile of satisfaction.

Now of course you who know that the Professor was a teacher of ancient literature are already thinking that the books and manuscript and the satisfied expression betokened that he was just in at the finish of a successful chase of polysyndetic paronomasia, or anaphoric ataxia, or acatalectic dietetics, or something of the sort.

But you are mistaken. The books were not on literary topics. Quite the contrary, one of them bore the title *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Pessimismus,* and others were suggestive of the same subject. The manuscript contained notes and excerpts, and the Professor's smiles were due to the character of his findings.

The Professor was studying Pessimism. He had chosen a sunshiny Saturday morning as a purely hygienic measure: morning because it was a cheerful time of day; Saturday morning because he fancied that his thoughts were saner on a day free from the mental habits of classroom instruction; and a sunshiny Saturday morning because he wanted all the cheer it was possible to get.

To put it in the usual figure, the Professor was enough of a microbophobe to be in some dread of *bacillus pessimisticus,* and, with all his devotion to science, was unwilling to expose himself without precautions.

And he was studying not only Pessimism; he

was studying the Professor also. To tell the truth, he had been called pessimist so many times of late that he had sometimes almost fallen prey to fear that he really *was* a pessimist.

For example, he had not long before been called by the undesirable name as many as four times in a single day. In the first place, he had left his umbrella in the rack at the Carnegie Library; and when, on his arrival home and sudden recollection of the fact before his own umbrella rack, his wife had said: "Never mind, your name is on it, and you will find it when you go back," he had replied: "Don't fool yourself; that's the last you'll ever see of *that* umbrella." At which his eldest daughter had looked up from her paradigms, and exclaimed: "Now, papa, don't be such a pessimist! We had that word yesterday. It comes from *malus, peior, pessimus,* and teacher says it isn't nice."

In the afternoon, meeting a friend while on the way to the College, he had ventured to pre-

dict, after deliberate scrutiny of the skies and wind, that it would rain for the next three days. He meant it, though of course his real motive was the desire to make conversation, which is a difficult art for college professors, because, unlike most of the other arts, it has not yet been reduced to the scientific method; but his friend had immediately pitched upon him with: "Man, what a pessimist you are! Don't you know we have a game to-morrow?"

Farther on, he had overtaken another colleague. Prompted by the same abhorrence of the conversational vacuum, and vaguely recollecting the coming game, he had volunteered: "They say we have a fine team this year. Do you suppose we are going to get a game at last?"

An avalanche of protestation overwhelmed him in a moment. "See here, now! None of your pessimistic croaking! That's no way to talk! Of course we're going to get the game! We've *got* to get it!"

The Professor's thoughts were quicker than usual for a moment. He saw a way to redeem himself from the awful disgrace. "Don't be so swift," he said. "I've got four dollars that I'm going to put up on our team to-morrow, and *that* ought to show whether I am a pessimist or not." "I'll take you for about three dollars of that myself," his optimistic friend had replied—rather eagerly, the Professor afterwards thought.

A fourth time before the day was done he had been called the Evil Thing again. The table conversation turning, in un-Horatian fashion, on the homes and villas of others, the Professor had somewhat gravely said: "It's possible for my friends the banker and corporation attorney, I know; but I don't see how a professor, like myself, with my family and on my salary, has any reason to expect to live in and own a ten thousand dollar home—at least in this life."

This time it was his wife who spoke: "Dearie, what a pessimist you are! You are positively

growing worse every day"; and added, in the same breath: "I saw a perfect love of a holiday hat at Chapeautier's to-day, and only nineteen-forty-nine! Don't you really think I could afford it?"

Now the Professor's umbrella was the forty-seventh he had lost in the sixteen years of his service; he was so weatherwise from long experience that he knew well enough which was the wind that brought the rain; his college had been defeated in every football game it had played with Atholimpia for nine years; and he had never been able to save from a year's salary more than a hundred and twenty-five dollars. He saw no really good reason why he should be called by a term of reproach because of his recognizing the value of lessons learned by experience.

For the term was one of reproach, as everyone knows. Of course the Professor was aware that few who employed it really intended to be unpleasant, or even critical, or indeed had more than a hazy idea of what it signified. Quite the

contrary, he knew it was used by most people as a bit of wit, if not of humor, and was often only their barren way of commenting on what they failed to understand. Just as your ordinary reader of novels spoke of them as "odd," or "characteristic," or "funny," or "interesting," or "just too dear"—so the ordinary person who enjoyed words and wasn't concerned as to their exact meaning was apt on the slightest excuse to assail you with a charge of being "sarcastic," or "pessimistic." No one escaped these feeble shafts of wit, and the Professor knew that his cheerful neighbors were called pessimists almost as frequently as himself.

But his attention had been attracted; he liked nice definition; he was guiltily conscious, too, of one or two oblique fibers in his own temperament; and every repetition, however innocent, of the time-honored witticism seemed more and more like an impeachment. He was really beginning to be annoyed.

For, whatever it was that people meant when

they called him pessimist, the Professor would not own to the charge. It is true,

> He was not gamesome: he did lack some part
> Of that quick spirit which was in Antony;

but he was nevertheless no lean and hungry Cassius who seldom smiled. Most of the time he had a merry heart, and it kept on the windy side of care. He saw the humor of the world. He did not believe it had been created as a place of torment for sinful man, in spite of still vivid impressions from the preaching of his childhood days. He enjoyed his home and his profession, possessed a fair measure of philosophic calm, and lived and worked with the zest of the active and aspiring mind.

No, the Professor was not a pessimist; he felt sure of it. And he felt sure that if people called him that, either in jest or earnest, it was because they did not know what pessimism was. So it had occurred to him that if he could give a few of his immediate acquaintances a handy definition of the term, they might not be quite so facile in

the application of it to himself and to others like him. Good; such a handy definition he would construct.

But a comprehensive definition had not been so easy. The shortest he could formulate had filled half a page, and the first time he had tried to silence a friend with it he became involved in a four hours' discussion in the effort to make his meaning clear.

This would never do. He liked talk, but at this rate he might as well have been a professor of comparative philosophy, or politics, or pedagogy. He must have a better definition.

In the library next day, his eye had by the merest chance lighted on a neat little book in green binding with *Le Pessimisme* in gold on its back. Without the least disturbance to his esthetic sensibilities because of the inappropriateness of the binding to the subject, he joyfully seized on the volume and bore it off home, together with a small armful of companion works of less modest bulk and more pretentious

titles. As little did he stop to reflect that a college professor with such childlike faith in books had no need of trying to establish a claim to optimism. Here was a find, indeed! He was as good as rehabilitated in the eyes of his friends.

This explains how it came about that the Professor sat in his study before a pile of books on Pessimism, and it also accounts for his smile of satisfaction. It is true, he had not found a quotable definition; but he had reveled in vast fields of learning, and accumulated much interesting and valuable information. He had found chapters on the origin of the term pessimism; on its use among the various philosophers of the nineteenth century; on the life of the learned German with the long name who had given it currency by the formulation of the pessimistic philosophy; on its possible and not improbable connection with various phases of social, economic, pedagogic, literary, alimentary, and pathological change.

His principal interest, however, as befitted a

professor of literature, lay in the statistical data which these works presented. There were various tables of figures compiled by a doctor of philosophy who held the chair of English literature in a neighboring institution: the word pessimism was found 725 times in Macaulay, whereas in Carlyle there were only 723 occurrences, which clearly overturned hitherto prevailing views of scholarship as to the respective temperaments of these great men. In Tennyson and Austin the word occurred an equal number of times, which made it probable that the one was influenced by the other, if not in collusion with him; or, at any rate, that both were influenced by a common but unknown original of the second decade of the century.

Again, in the dissertation of a sociologist who had been called to the Professor's own institution because of the brilliant results of this very investigation, he found that of 627 patients in 19 hospitals in 23 cities in 14 states and 2 territories, 75.13 per cent. had declared themselves

optimists. In lunatic asylums the percentage rose to 97.293, while in jails and poorhouses and prisons it sank respectively to 17.1, 3.0658, and 12.6. Of 500 cases of the clergy, 98 per cent. of the 400 who had salaries of less than $600 and families of more than 5 children had declared themselves optimists; while of 100 who received salaries of over $1,500 and had families of less than 3 members, children included, one had unreservedly confessed pessimism—but had afterward volunteered the further statement that if the remaining 99 had the courage, they would all make like confession, even though optimism *was* the fashion; because not even religion could endure the strain of being asked to live on a social level with $25,000 parishioners when you had only a $1,600 salary. The author of the dissertation, however, argued with mathematical accuracy that there was a clear connection between big salaries and optimism.

Another work—this was a book by a national authority on pedagogy—presented certain results

of epistolary and oral inquiry among pupils in high schools, grades, and kindergarten. His most important deductions were: (1) 100 per cent. of children in the kindergarten and 99.5 per cent. of those in the grades did not know what optimism and pessimism meant; (2) among high school students 32 per cent. of those in the Latin course and 2 per cent. of those in other courses had heard of the terms; (3) an examination of the temperamental characteristics of large numbers of children indicated that pessimism and optimism might exist even when the individual had never heard of the terms. Such cases, however, were not frequent. Of 900 children under 10 years of age, only five were pessimists, the fact in two of the cases being traceable to fathers who were drunk 84 per cent. of their waking time, and in the remaining three cases, which at first were baffling, to mothers who were on the managing committees of the Child Study Class and the Cribside Charities. Of conscious pessimists, the high school con-

tained the greatest number, the causes most frequently assigned being the obligation to study what they didn't like and couldn't see the use of, and the disposition of the faculty to interfere with their social and athletic liberties.

But, valuable as all this was, it did not in the least forward the Professor's project: he was compelled to resign himself to the conviction that it was impossible to find the desired definition in books. His only resort was to his own powers, after all.

So he would make a last attempt; only, remembering his former failures, this time he would invoke the aid of popular definition. Perhaps by skilful combination of expressions in vogue among ordinary people he might produce a formula which would serve to quote to the ordinary person. It was unscholarly and degrading, but he was desperate, and forgot for the moment his natural professorial horror of the popular.

So he began to assemble the witty and pithy

utterances he had heard and read on optimism and pessimism. The pessimist looked only on the dark side of life, the optimist only on the bright. The optimist always saw the doughnut, the pessimist always saw the hole. The optimist went through life thinking that all milk was cream, the pessimist that all cream was milk.

As to this last, the Professor had behind him a boarding-house experience totaling at least a half score of years, and recognized the inevitability of pessimism for boarders on the basis of this definition; though he conceded the desirability of optimism, provided it was leagued with real power of mind over matter, especially lacteal matter.

He continued. The pessimist looked through the wrong end of the telescope. The pessimist saw the rule, the optimist the exception. The optimist used a magnifying glass in contemplation of his joys, the pessimist in contemplation of his troubles. The optimist didn't choose between

two evils, because he would not concede their existence; the pessimist also didn't choose, but because he expected to get both of them anyway. The optimist considered and treated every man as honest until he had proven himself a villain; the pessimist considered him a rascal until he had proved himself honest. The optimists were the robins of life, the pessimists were the ravens; mankind was divided into those whose usual note was "cheer-up," and those who croaked.

To be sure, the Professor thought this a trifle unfair to the many-wintered prophet of the rain: who possessed at least the virtue of silence except when he foresaw trouble in the sky. And besides, warning of bad weather to come was no mean form of service to mankind, who ought to be grateful for it.

Recognizing the originality of this observation, the Professor was emboldened to enter the field of epigram himself: the pessimist acted on the assumption that everything was as bad as he

was afraid it might be; the optimist, on the assumption that everything was as good as it would be pleasant to have it be.

Or again—the Professor never could get away from books—the optimist was a Micawber, always expecting something good to turn up; the pessimist a Mrs. Gummidge, a lone lorn creetur', with whom everythink went contrairy. Or the pessimist was a Leopardi, looking upon life as all bitterness and vexation, death the only gift of fate to the human race, and seeing in all existence only infinite emptiness—

L' infinita vanità del tutto;

while the optimist was a—but the Professor could think of no one in literature who was as hopeful as the Italian poet was hopeless. Somehow, optimism seemed a less striking, and, on the whole, a less attractive quality in literature than pessimism. The poets who had most won the hearts of men seemed to be those who felt the sadness of human life, and gave utterance

to their sympathy, rather than those whose theme was the joy of existence.

Or—books again—the pessimist was a Lucretius, ill auguring for the babe cast on the shores of light:

> The infant, hapless mariner cast up
> By angry waves upon the coasts of life,
> Lies naked on the ground, sans power of speech,
> Sans every aid of life, soon as the throes
> Of natural anguish from his mother's womb
> Have thrust him forth upon the shores of light;
> And fills the air with mournful wail, as fits
> One doomed to meet so many woes in life—

while the optimist saw delight in destiny, and in the babe's cry heard, not wailing, but jubilation.

The Professor's friend in experimental psychology told him that the investigative apparatus thus far available was insufficient to determine the real psychic state of newborn infants, but assured him that the fact of the noise itself had been established beyond all doubt by synchronous experiment in three countries.

This was no news to the Professor. who

was possessed, despite his calling, of a really Catonic knowledge of his children. And here, by the way, he bethought himself of another illustration—not bookish, this time. One of his youngest two children, when you held up before him a terra cotta lamp, or a fragment of *giallo antico* from the veneering of the Rostra, or a bit of *opus reticulatum* from the Villa of Hadrian, or the latest Latin Grammar, or any other of the playthings in ordinary use in the homes of classical professors, began without the least hesitation to pucker up and cry, taking for granted that the toy was to be denied him. The other, when the same act was repeated, straightway stretched out his hands and chuckled, already assured of possession, and filled with the joy of anticipation. Here surely, were natural optimism and pessimism.

At this point the Professor paused, and meditated. If his children went through life with that attitude, both were sure to have a great deal of trouble of their own making; for they were

both inclined to draw wrong conclusions. They exaggerated. And what was true of them was likewise true of the optimists and pessimists in all the illustrations he had been reviewing. Here was at least one essential: it wasn't so much that the pessimist was gloomy and the optimist cheerful, as that their cheer and gloom were always exaggerated. He was getting on with his definition; one foundation of pessimism was exaggeration.

Furthermore, as this exaggeration was not of the conscious kind, pessimism was really due to lack of balance. The Professor understood now why he had felt so much resentment at being called a pessimist. It was really an impeachment of his understanding, and of his power of self-control. Here he had for years cultivated the Horatian and Sophoclean ideal of sane self-restraint and philosophic calm, had taken pride in regulating his conduct according to the *aurea mediocritas,* the *ne quid nimis,* and the *μηδὲν ἄγαν* of the ancients—golden sayings af-

fixed, so to speak, to the walls of his intellectual Delphic sanctuary—only to be called ill-balanced, unjudicial, and deficient in will. It touched his *amour propre,* you see; and everyone knows that professors are very much conceited, engaged continually as they are in imposing their own ideas upon defenseless students who dare not talk back, for fear of certain consequences known to the academic world.

The Professor's little burst of resentment was so vivid that he was tempted to retort upon his critics that, after all, the pessimist was no worse than the cheerful idiot who insisted on calling a spade a tennis racquet; but he recalled the fate of the long line of satirists, including even the good-humored ones like Horace and Thackeray, who had been charged with cynicism because they pointed out with frankness the faults of silly people. It was bad enough to be called a pessimist; but to be called a cynic, i.e., a pessimist who snarls and barks at every fault he sees, would be still worse. After all, there was a

great deal of difference between being called a pessimist and a dog of a pessimist. He might be a weeping philosopher, but no Diogenes.

And yet, it was clear that ordinary optimism was just as extreme as pessimism. Whatever their manifestations, the foundation was always the same for both: lack of equilibrium. Neither optimist nor pessimist was well poised.

To set down lack of equilibrium as the foundation of pessimism and optimism, however, was to beg the question. What lay at the root of *this* lack?

The Professor cast about. He thought of several things, but the first and chiefest that occurred to him was lack of judgment. Neither optimist nor pessimist saw phenomena in their true relations.

But what in turn was the cause of deficiency in judgment? When the pessimist made up his mind that life was all skim-milk, or the optimist that mining-stock was a safe investment, and that promoters were actuated solely

by solicitude for the welfare of professors and other investors, what was the trouble with them?

Clearly, lack of knowledge. Not necessarily book knowledge, of course. Rather, knowledge of life gained through various avenues: from books to some extent, but much more from experience. The intellectuality of the broadest experience was the prime foundation of that sanity and equipoise which everyone must possess who was to be neither the pessimist nor the optimist of popular imagination. The truth should make men free.

Now the Professor had been young, and now was older. He had had some experience, and had actually learned by it, professorial paradox as that may seem. In his extreme youth he had been an optimist:

> When all the world was young, lad,
> And all the trees were green;
> And every goose a swan, lad,
> And every lass a queen;

and all the doughnuts were hole-proof, and all the milk was cream, and his eyes were dazzled by the brightness of a world filled with honest men and innocent enjoyment.

But he had gone away from home to the academy, and while pursuing what in those days in that town was considered the main concern of secondary school education—attending trials in the circuit court near by—he had been horrified to find that men lied shamefully under oath, that to serve their own petty ends they took advantage of helplessness and poverty, that women threw away their honor, and that in a single session of court he might hear sounded the entire gamut of human folly, perfidy, and crime.

And then he had gone away to college. On the morning after the first night of his first glee club trip, a member of the party, a young man void of understanding, had come in with his shirt front written over with the name of the strange woman. Others had come in at midnight, drunk

and cursing; and at the end of the trip the student manager had rendered no account.

He had also gone abroad, and had seen the cruel life of sea-faring men, the circling of birds of prey over the track of the tourist, the bestiality of life in large cities, the all-pervasive spirit of greed, manifest even in the enslavement of women and the exploitation of childhood.

And then he had come home to his own country, where it was as if his eyes had been opened: for he saw there, too, much that he had first witnessed abroad, and had supposed foreign to his own land. It was about this time, too, that for some reason or other a great many persons were insisting that the optimists lay aside their magnifying glasses and look at the *real* thing for a moment; so that the Professor on landing found himself confronted with many surprises.

Each one of these experiences had been a discouragement for the time being, but salutary in the end. The Professor's judgments became

saner, even if not true and righteous altogether. He learned to calculate somewhat more accurately the economic, or gastronomic, effect of the hole in the doughnut, and to recognize the inferiority of blue milk as a producer of red blood. He saw that a landscape had shadows as well as lights.

In other words, he began to see life steadily, and see it whole, and perfection in that respect became his ideal. In the usual sense, he wished to be called neither optimist nor pessimist. More than that, if the penalty for not blinking the truth were to be called pessimistic by the crowd, he would with patience endure the martyrdom.

It might be that others enjoyed themselves if they called a spade by some other name, but for his single self, he preferred to call it a spade, and to know what he was dealing with: it was really inconvenient to find yourself in the tennis court with a spade, and a racquet was useless in a garden. It might be ever so pleasant to assume that the Persian rugs and gold beads and Etruscan antiquities you spent your earnings on were

genuine, but if they were not, if your Etruscan terra cottas had merely had a season or two in the dirt of a modern Roman cellar, you lost your money the first time an expert croaked the pessimistic truth at you. The exercise of a reasonable amount of caution in dealing with men not only made your salary go farther, but helped along in no mean degree the cause of good morals.

The Professor had seen something of the results of long continued popular optimism in civic life. For generations it had been the proper and patriotic thing to assume that every American citizen was incorruptible, and that everything in the market was fit to eat; but now the contrary assumption was the fashion. Every man was taken for an actual or potential villain, and the land swarmed with deadly microbes and pure food inspectors. The optimists, having been induced to throw away their glasses, had been obliged to look through those of their friends the pessimists; for they had gone so long without relying

upon their natural eyesight that they had to have glasses of *some* kind.

It was clear, then, that the most efficient corrective of the follies of both optimism and pessimism was knowledge. The pessimist knew too little of the real world in his way, the optimist too little in *his* way. The truth was needed to set them free.

But there were other foundations besides knowledge for the equilibrium that insured against pessimism. For there were persons in apparent good health, with abundant knowledge of books and men and things, who were ill-balanced. When a professor with good digestion, who had studied and traveled, had married an heiress, and who sat in royal state high on the throne of departmental despotism and had to work only an hour or two now and then—when such a personage was pessimistic, what was one to think?

The Professor didn't hesitate long. It was temperament that lay at the foundation of such

cases. Just what temperament was, he wasn't quite clear, but he thought it meant how you felt as a usual thing. And this depended upon how nature had fashioned you. The pessimist by temperament was ill constructed by nature, as by an unskilful workman. And of course nature had also framed temperamental optimists.

But the Professor thought of optimists by temperament who suddenly became either temporary or permanent pessimists, and of the many who alternated between pessimism and optimism. There must be something else besides temperament.

That something else, he concluded, after a moment's reflection, must be the state of one's health. Temperament was your native and permanent spiritual condition; the effect of health was temporary and accidental. You had a good digestion, and you were an optimist; your liver failed you, and you became pessimistic—all in the same day. Certainly there was nothing like physical ailment to overcast the skies.

The Professor himself was often depressed to the depths:

> **Life was as tedious as a twice-told tale,**
> **Vexing the dull ears of a drowsy man—**

when there was no cause for it visible either to himself or anyone else, so far as external circumstances were concerned. Reason told him that his affairs were going well, had gone well, and would go well. His friends also told him so. In vain; on such days he suffered as much as if he really *were* in trouble.

At times he was tempted to believe that this kind of pessimism—for which you surely will not blame anyone, however much you dislike it—depended altogether on health, and that no sort of education made the least difference with it.

But knowledge was not useless, even here, though it made but little headway. The Professor's intellectual judgments, based upon experience of men and books, acted as a great balance wheel, or governor, and helped him

keep the machine going until new energy arrived, and the crisis was past. Whenever he realized, from signs long since become familiar, that another visit of the enemy was imminent, he threw up his earthworks of philosophy, and provisioned his garrison for another siege—or, in a more appropriate figure, when he saw the skies drooping again, he made ready his craft for another long drift through the fog. Ordinarily, he sailed out into blue sky before his provisions were exhausted; though of course he knew that *some* time the clouds would return after the rain.

But aside from temperament, ailment, and ignorance, there was still another foundation of pessimism—environment, of which his sociological friends had so much to say. And surely, it was responsible for a great many of what the cheerful crowd called pessimists. A man might by fortune be so placed in the world as not to have the opportunity of seeing much that was bright. He might of necessity be poverty-stricken, or of diseased stock, or of an unsanitary

neighborhood, or he might have a mother-in-law. It might be impossible for him to escape, do what he would. He might take a dark view of life, and yet a perfectly truthful one. There were the wise words of *Puck*: Possibly the fact that the optimist sees the doughnut and the pessimist the hole is due to the further fact that the optimist *has* mostly doughnut and the pessimist mostly hole. Why should such men be tagged with a vile name, when they were thinking and acting on the basis of reality? Over men like that the mantle of charity ought to be extended—if indeed they did not prove, on closer examination, to be more worthy of the title of real optimist than of pessimist.

For most of the witticisms on optimism and pessimism, and most attempts at definition, were reprehensible in one respect: they were founded rather on the way men felt and talked than on how they acted, and they took account, not of whole careers, but of attitudes for the moment. And judgments upon men were made in the

same facile way—most of them haphazard, and many of them outrageous.

The Professor called to mind one of his former neighbors. This man had been in poor health for twenty years, and finally submitted to the surgeon's knife; but the relief was only partial. Other members of his household were taken ill, until he was surrounded by ailing people.

His money went, and most of his practice. His nerves were wrecked by the strain of excessive and long continued care. He saw the likelihood of his own recovery grow less, and less, and vanish. His mind grew somber with care and disease, and sometimes he felt as if he was without friends. The way *did* look dark, and the way *was* dark. His friends—rather his acquaintances—told him to cheer up, to look on the bright side. He tried to, but he couldn't. There was no bright side there. And so they called him pessimistic.

And yet the Professor's friend went on in this way for several years. He smiled all he could,

never complained, replied to no charges, and discussed his affairs with no one. He worked on, saw his family back to health again, comforted the last years of his mother, paid his debts, set his house in order—and died. At the cemetery, one of a knot of men standing by in the usual embarrassed silence, remarked, in order to make talk, that he had put up a good fight.

On the other hand, the Professor had known of the cases of many optimists—among them several who had been notable for their attacks upon their brethren of the more sober type—who had failed miserably in their time of stress. The toothache, an attack of indigestion, a fall in stocks, the loss of a pet animal, the failure of a lecture, the prevalence of an east wind or a fog—had converted them in the twinkling of an eye from optimism to pessimism of the most malignant type. Some of them had committed suicide, unable to weather the storm until sunshine came again. Others, to escape the ills with which they were threatened, had soiled their

honor in the most craven manner. Their boasted optimism had been false, or built on insecure foundations. It was the sum-total of a man's philosophy, and above all, the sum-total of his conduct, which determined whether he was a pessimist or an optimist.

As a matter of fact, many who were regarded by their laughing neighbors as pessimists were in reality only idealists. There was no more common mistake among the multitude. It was natural enough for an idealist sometimes to fall prey to discouragement, and to let it appear: the disparity between what was and what ought to be was so great. Like Mrs. Gummidge, he felt more than other people did, and showed it more.

But the discouragement and discontent of the idealist were not of the base and unhealthy sort. They were rather of the noble cast of Lowell's discontent, the longing for better things:

> Of all the myriad moods of mind
> That through the soul come thronging,
> What one was e'er so dear, so kind,
> So beautiful, as longing?

The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Such dissatisfaction with reality was not inconsistent with optimism, though it might be mistaken for pessimism. A proper amount of it was essential to the healthy spirit. And this was why some of the Professor's friends commended what he had written as being characterized by a healthy tone of optimism, while others had expressed regret at the detection of a note of pessimism in the selfsame material. The truth or falsity of such criticism depended on what you held as your ideal. Those who looked from the foothills to the plain thought themselves high above the rest of mankind, and laughed; to those whose gaze was lifted to the mountain peak, the hills seemed insignificant, the way arduous. Their faces were serious, but full of calm and light.

So that when, at the end of his meditation, the Professor came to sum up his conclusions, they

were these: an optimist was one who, by reason of limited experience, fortunate temperament, good health, favorable environment—any or all—had come to entertain an unduly cheerful view of life; a pessimist was one who, by reason of limited experience, unfortunate temperament, ill health, unfavorable environment—any or all—had come to entertain an unduly cheerless view of life. If a man must be the one or the other, perhaps it was better to be a cheerfully foolish optimist than a foolishly gloomy pessimist; but if he wished to be satisfied with life, and fortified against misfortune, and to be a reliable member of society, let him cultivate equilibrium. Let him get health and experience, and, above all, let him learn from what he saw and what he read. Wisdom was the principal thing: therefore let him get wisdom. The wise man was less than only Jove. Life needed no defenders to the person who was sane: it spoke for itself; it was full of a number of things.

Feeling something of relief, the Professor laid

down his pencil and leaned back in his chair, and let vacant eyes rest for some time on the ceiling. He had reclined thus for a few minutes, when there swam gradually into the field of his consciousness a vaguely bright spot.

Being of an observant turn of mind, he began to wonder where the spot came from. It was not caused by a mirror, for there was none in the room. Could it be the small boy in the house opposite? He went to the window to investigate. When he moved, the spot vanished. He assumed his original position, and the spot was there. He rubbed his head in wonder; the spot came and went as he rubbed. Slowly but surely he realized that it was the reflection from his prematurely bald head.

Just then there was a knock, and his wife entered. The Professor called her attention to the phenomenon, and added, with a sigh: "How old I *am* getting!" "Nonsense!" she replied. "Don't be so pessimistic!"

The Professor put out his hand for the notes,

with an incipient frown, but thought better of his intention, and leaned back again. He would wait until he had read, thought, and written a little more, and then he would overwhelm her.

But he did say: "My dear, you may order that hat. I have here the notes for a long article which I am going to send to a magazine, and they can never refuse it. We'll have the hat, and next summer that vacation trip we have talked of so long."

This was optimistic enough for the most insistent abuser of pessimists.

CHAPTER II

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. SCHOLARSHIP AND MR. HOMO

It was one night some ten years before the episode of the prematurely bald head. The Professor's study was a single cube of brightness in the midst of the almost universal darkness of the little college town; and the Professor himself, solitary and silent, was sitting at his study table—books to the right of him, books to the left of him, books in front of him—hard at work on Terminations in T, while all the world slumbered.

The Professor's dissertation on Sundry Suffixes in S, written for the degree of doctor of philosophy and published five years before, had won such golden opinions that he had launched into further investigation with eye single to the

glory of scholarship, scorning delights, and living days so laborious that at thirty he already displayed signs of the silvery livery of advised age. Terminations in T was to be chapter xii in his book on Consonantal Terminations in the Comedies of Terence, which was to be followed by another volume on Prefixes in P in the Plays of Plautus. Hence his apparition among the many books with no end.

But something was amiss with the Professor. It was not the lateness of the hour, though it was long after midnight. Something more permanent than mere weariness was manifest in his countenance. His features wore a wondering, worrying, harried expression. You could see that he was unsettled.

The fact is that the Professor had for some time been wavering in his faith. Not his religious faith—I don't mean that, for Consonantal Terminations had so far crowded that out that it claimed small share in the Professor's cogitations —but his faith in the importance of terminations

in general, and particularly of Consonantal Terminations in the Comedies of Terence. He had been losing—indeed, had lost—the reposeful sense of equilibrium and stability which had been to him the peace that passeth understanding so long as he had entertained absolutely no question as to the claim of Terminations to be his mission in life. And now a crisis was at hand.

For you must know that the Professor was, or had been when he came home from Europe to occupy his chair, a strictly approved product of the Great Graduate System of Scholarship. The appreciation of that fact, and of the process of its achievement, will help you to understand his present frame of mind.

He had been an eager student of the classics even in the secondary school, and his enthusiasm had grown during the college course. He thought he knew why men had for nineteen centuries loved Virgil's lay and Livy's pictured page, he was deeply stirred by the sentiment of Rome's least mortal mind on Old Age and Friendship,

and felt all the glowing delight of genial association with the wise and kindly heathen of the Sabine Farm. "The wisdom of the ancients" was to him no idle phrase; their words seemed to him golden. Of form, he had less appreciation; but there were rare moments when he thought that he too could hear the surge and thunder of the Odyssey, and feel the reposeful progress of the stateliest measure ever molded by the lips of man.

And so, under the double impulse of his enthusiasm for literature and his admiration for the genial and pure-hearted old professor who was also his friend and inspirer, he determined to spend his life in teaching the subject he loved. He had drunk of the waters freely, and longed to direct others to the fountain. To have young men and women sit at his feet and partake of the wisdom that giveth life to them that have it, to know that they felt toward their interpreter of the ancient masterpieces as he himself felt toward the venerable friend who illumined the

page of antiquity for him, seemed to him the prize of a high calling abundantly worth pressing toward.

This was at the end of his junior year. By the end of the senior year he had decided to prepare for a college career, and arranged to spend three years in graduate study. He must be a scholar *sans peur et sans reproche,* and to insure against the possible failure of the world to recognize his genuineness, he must be approved by the System, and be stamped Ph.D.; and because the value of the stamp depended very much upon the *imprimeur,* he must go to a university which enjoyed an unassailable reputation for Scholarship.

He had always felt helpless before the immensity of knowledge, and nobly discontented with his own achievement, and had been sustained only by the conviction that he really saw the light, and saw it increasingly; but now that he was in the presence of Real Scholarship, he was aghast at the depth of his ignorance. Gross darkness covered him, and he groped in it. He despaired.

What he knew about Latin seemed to count for nothing here; he was made to feel that the accuracy and thoroughness which he had been taught so well were pitifully inadequate. He knew his forms and syntax perfectly, and his translation was rich in idiom and spirit as a result, and he had supposed that it was to insure this end that his old preceptor had been so insistent upon the mastery of linguistic mechanism; but now, because he knew nothing of the theories of the subjunctive, and had never heard of rhotacism and vowel-weakening, he was of all men most miserable. He could read hexameter with ease, declaim Cicero with real effect, and was saturated with Socratic discourse, but no one seemed to value those accomplishments here; they went for naught because he was ignorant on the subject of rhythmical clausulæ, and unacquainted with the last seven articles in the *Journal of Metrology* on the comparative merits of the quantitative and accentual theories. His appreciation of the difference between the streaming

eloquence of Ciceronianism and the jolting gravity of Tacitus, the smiling satire of Horace and the wrathful lashings of Juvenal—of what avail, when he was unable to enumerate in order the annalists, or define the relationship between Lucilius and the Old Comedy? Of what consequence, too, that he was intimately acquainted with Pliny and Martial, and their manner of life and thought, when he knew only one theory of the cut of the Roman toga, and was unable to state whether sandals were removed in the vestibule or the atrium? What virtue in his English versions of Catullus? Clearly the important thing there was to know the derivation of the manuscripts in class P'.

His disappointment was great. It seemed as if everything he had learned was of minor importance. What he had been taught to magnify he now had to minimize; instead of being carried along in the current of his enthusiasm, he found himself compelled to row against it.

At first, he bordered on rebellion. He had

expected to continue the study of the Latin classics—to read, interpret, criticize, and enjoy; but what he was actually occupied with was a variety of things no one of which was essential to literary enjoyment or appreciation, and whose sum-total might almost as well have been called mathematics, or statistics, as classical literature. When he thought of his college instruction, he wondered whether the end and the means had not in some way got interchanged. He felt that now he was dealing with the husk instead of the kernel, with the penumbra rather than the nucleus, with the roots and branches, and not the flower. In his gloomier moments, he suspected that his preceptors and companions were actually ignorant that there was a flower; if they were aware of it, they were at least strangely indifferent to its color and perfume. In his more cheerful moments, it made him laugh to see the gravity with which, *omnia magna loquentes,* they considered the momentous questions as to whether a poet wrote Jupiter with two p's or one, Virgil with an

i or an e, and how many knots were in the big stick of Hercules. It all seemed to him monstrous and distorted. He found himself thinking of five-legged calves, two-headed babies, and other side-show curiosities.

But he had always been docile, and did not fail to reflect that scholars of reputation surely knew better than he what stuff scholarship was made of. He put aside his own inclinations, and dutifully submitted to the System; its products were to be found in prominent positions throughout the land, and what better proof of its righteousness than that? Under the direction of one professor, he filled a note-book with fragmentary data about Fescennine Verses, Varro Atacinus, and Furius Bibaculus; another book was devoted to *membra* of dramatists scattered from Susarion and Thespis to Decimus Laberius and Pseudo-Seneca; still another to the location, exact measurements (metric system), and history (dates), of every ruin of ancient Rome; others to statistics on the use of copulative coördinates, the historical present,

and diphthongal i. In the seminar he presented compilations of text criticism, and numerical comparisons of subjunctives and ablatives with imperatives and genitives, and spent weeks in preparing for a two-hours' lead on six lines of text, treating them syntactically, epigraphically, paleographically, archeologically, philologically—and finally, if time permitted, esthetically. He could not, indeed, escape the reflection that, in half the time which he was obliged to consume in these activities, he might have gone far on the road to those powers of literary appreciation and that richness of intellectual equipment which he had always coveted; the study of things about literature left him no time to study literature itself. He was athirst and famished: literature, literature everywhere, and not a moment for it. But he was in pursuit of Scholarship, and though It should slay him, yet would he trust in It. He settled to his work.

He was not long in learning the lesson. He was to be accurate, he was to be thorough, and

he was to employ *method*. That is, he was to be scientific—which, he soon found out, meant to treat his material as the mathematicians and chemists treated theirs. The seminar, he was told, was the laboratory of the classical student; and he gathered from the tone and manner in which the information was conveyed that this was meant to dispose of a possible argument against the study of the classics. Why literature, which was an art, a thing of the spirit, should be treated as if it were composed of chemicals, or fossils, or mathematical symbols, or a quarry, he was not told, and did not audibly inquire, at least after the first month. He went on his way, trying hard to convince himself that it mattered as greatly as his associates seemed to think whether the battle of the Allia was fought in 390 or 388; whether the ratio of perfect subjunctives of prohibition in Plautus to present subjunctives expressing the same idea was 7: 6 or 6.98: 6; and whether the student of the Georgics knew the fragments of Junius Nipsus or not. It was a

trifle tedious at times, and he found himself wondering what there was about learning that it should be so stupid. He was the least bit surprised to find that it seemed expected that he *would* wonder; for it was explained to him more than once that it was all for the best, and he would soon get used to it. Every fragment of truth was important, he was told, and the slightest contribution to knowledge a legacy of inestimable value, whatever its apparent insignificance; and besides, this was the way it was done in Germany. He soon learned that the appeal to Germany was considered final, and even made use of it himself when it came handy.

But atmosphere and association work wonders. In time, he began to understand better the ideal which inspired his comrades and instructors. By the end of the first year, he was in a fair way to sympathize with them as well. During the second year he woke to the error of his ways, and became almost regenerate. There was, after all, something enthusing about accuracy, what-

ever the value of the material concerned; to do a thing absolutely right, to be able to defy criticism, was supremely satisfying. He conceded to his associates that mathematical accuracy in literary study as such was impossible: there was some excuse for their calling literary criticism "blue smoke." To be thorough, too, to do a thing once for all, was equally gratifying; and to possess a method which could be applied to knowledge as a lever to dead matter, or as a machine to raw material, was surely a triumph. That he was foregoing his own pleasure, and in a way sacrificing himself by slighting the literary side of his subject, may also have contributed in no slight degree to his change of attitude. To be one of the glorious company of martyrs to the cause of truth, avaricious of nothing except praise, was a blessed thought. He began rather to like the sight of his pallor, and, consciously or unconsciously, to cultivate the incipient stoop of his shoulders. The zeal of his house was soon eating him up.

It was at this point that he laid the foundations of Sundry Suffixes in S. He didn't more than half like the subject at first, but he had to have one which could be scientifically developed—something which admitted of exhaustive treatment; something which had numerals in it and could therefore be definitely settled and disposed of; something, above all, which had not been written of before, in his own or any other language.

The last condition was the hardest to fulfil, and was really what determined his choice; for everything which seemed worth while had already been done, and he had to take what was available, regardless of his own tastes or of the value of the expected result. He was consoled, however, by his associates, who cheerfully told him to have no concern on that point, that not more than one in a thousand doctor's dissertations contained anything worth while, and that the main thing was to display method, thoroughness, and accuracy. To be sure, that sounded very

much like saying that it made no difference what the material of your house was, so long as the carpenter proved that he was master of his trade; but he could not afford to turn back, now that he had set his hand to the plow.

The two years following the taking of his degree he spent in Germany. His professors would not hear of his stopping with his present equipment. There he got new light, made addenda to Suffixes in S, which he sent home to be published in his absence, and became interested in Consonantal Terminations. To make my story short, what with long association with men of scholarly ideals, continual application in the effort to satisfy them and himself, and, above all, the impressiveness of German achievement in scholarship, he had gradually become imbued with scholarly ideals himself, and had even become enthusiastic. He was another triumph of the System.

Fame had preceded him on the way home: his dissertation had been published, and the com-

ments of reviewers were all that could be desired. As he had hoped, they praised his method, his thoroughness, and his accuracy. That they said nothing of the intrinsic value of his work, he hardly noticed. He was full of the pride of scholarly achievement, and when his beloved Alma Mater extended a call to him, he tasted the joys of success, sweeter to him than honey in the honeycomb. His long period of labor had been rewarded, and he was about to enter upon the life-work of which he had so long dreamed. He accepted the call, stipulating, of course, that he be given the work in Terence. If his mission in the world was to be fulfilled, Consonantal Terminations must have every encouragement.

The Professor felt keenly the responsibility of his position. As he remembered it, the atmosphere of his Alma Mater had not been scholarly. His venerable friend the Latin professor he had gradually come to think of as lacking in accuracy and thoroughness. The Professor could not re-

member ever having been taught about the Atellanæ or Togatæ when he read comedy with him, or having heard him refer to Ribbeck's Fragmenta. He was plainly behind the times, though perhaps useful in certain ways. The institution and the department needed a standard-bearer of scholarship.

So the Professor had raised the standard and begun his march. He set out to cultivate the scientific temper among his students, and to set an example to his colleagues. His accuracy was wonderful, his conciseness a marvel, his deliberation unfailing, his thoroughness halted before no obstacle, his method was faultless. His recitations were grave and severe in manner and content. He never stooped to humor, for scholarship was a jealous goddess. On one occasion, after the first of two public lectures on Latin Comedy, when someone very deferentially suggested that the next lecture would perhaps prove more attractive if he livened it up with a joke or a story now and then, "What!" cried the

Professor, " do you mean that I am to lend myself to the prostitution of scholarship? "

In class, he prescribed note-books and topics, and set his students to counting and classifying terminations. He also had them collect material to aid him on his new theory of the Subjunctive of Suggestibility, and required them to prepare abstracts of articles in the Journals of Metrology, Archeology, and Philology. He advocated and carried in faculty meeting a measure providing for a thesis requirement, and brought about many other changes inspired by love for the System.

The Professor didn't realize it for some time, but the fact was that his bearing was dignified to the point of ponderosity, and his classroom utterances on even those subjects which most roused his enthusiasm were measured and formal to the extent of frigidity. His students were compliant, and executed his commands—they were Western students—but they did so wonderingly, and on the basis of faith rather than reason.

Absorbed in his consonantal chase, the Pro-

fessor for a long time took it for granted that his students were as much inspired as he himself by the ideals set before them. He was not stupid, however; it was only five years since he had sat in those same seats, and after several months he could not fail to note the look of bland wonder on the faces of the girls, and the incipient expression of weariness on the faces of the boys, whenever he mentioned his favorite subject. The former were possessed by a kind of childlike amazement that one small head could carry all he knew, the latter by an indifference which was saved from being disgust only by a mild conviction that the Professor was something less than absolutely right in his mentality. Among themselves they referred to him as Terminations, occasionally lengthened to Interminable Terminations.

Being really sympathetic and sensitive, the Professor noticed more and more the glances of his students. Once he detected two of them simultaneously touching their foreheads, and passing a significant wink. This came as a shock, and

set him vigorously to thinking. It began to suggest itself to him increasingly that what was so fascinating to him might not be even mildly interesting to younger people who had not enjoyed his advantages of study and association. He couldn't help harking back to his own undergraduate days, the memory of which had been obscured by his experiences of the past years. He remembered the uplift he had received, and yet he recalled from his courses in Sophocles and Terence nothing about terminations or constitutional antiquities or codexes. The plays themselves had been the thing, and his teacher's method had been merely, first, to see that he could translate his lessons, and then to illumine them by drawing on the wealth of his own rich garner of knowledge and experience. The effect had been spiritual, not mechanical; literature had seemed to be translated into life.

The Professor did not abate his zeal, however. He persisted in his course to the end of the year; for, was he not fostering scholarship, and was

not that his mission? Whether students were interested or enthused was not his immediate concern; his duty was to serve his mistress, and to trust her to make her own appeal. He dismissed with disdain a budding inclination to popularize. Of all things that were in heaven above, or that were in the earth beneath, or that were in the water under the earth, the System had impressed him that the worst was to be popular.

But he thought a great deal during the summer vacation, nevertheless. It is true, he did not allow himself to debate: that would have been treason to scholarship; but not even the all-absorbing Terminations kept him from being disturbed by a vague and undefined unrest. The result was that, with some little hurt to his conscience—his Scholarly conscience, I mean—he set fewer and simpler tasks during the following year, and obtruded Terminations with less frequency.

During the next summer he was engaged on

M, and his progress was slower. His unrest was no longer vague and undefined, but vivid and insistent, a factor in every day's experience. By the time he reached R, the following year, the serpent of doubt reared its ugly head and not only attacked the Professor's scientific method in the classroom, but laid siege to Consonantal Terminations in their very citadel. He spoke of it to no one, of course. The only manifestation of his waywardness was in the gradual encroachment of geniality and humor upon the domain of the scientific method in his lectures and recitations. He came to the classroom with fewer notes and more smiles and spontaneity, talked more *with* his students, and less *to* them. Once or twice he was thrilled by the realization of an ancient ambition; he saw faces light up with the divine fire of enthusiasm for great art, just as he knew his had once lighted up, and he felt the joy of having put something rich into human life.

But Guilt followed him when he left the class-

room. He was on the road to treason, against his will. He fought off doubt again and again, unwilling to part with the Olympian calm that sprang from the assurance that in holding to his course he was doing the supremely worth while. Often, indeed, he succeeded in reconvincing himself. The sight of his name in the learned periodicals, letters from his colleagues in other institutions, the coming of some *eruditissimus Romanorum* to deliver a lecture in his community—revived his spirit, and cast the old glamor once more over Terminations.

It must have occurred to you before this that the Professor was really a duality. He himself recognized the fact in time. He was Mr. Homo and Dr. Scholarship: the natural man with genuine and wholesome impulses, and the artificial Product of a System; and Mr. Homo, long browbeaten into subjection, and venturing only now and then to reassert himself, was now clamoring aloud for full measure of recognition. The Professor saw that the day was near in the valley

of decision, and that there could be no peace of mind for him until he should have entered into and emerged therefrom.

This was his state of mind on the particular evening on which we caught our first glimpse of him in his room. Mr. Homo was rebellious in the extreme, and insisted on debate and decision once for all, threatening to fly in the face of Dr. Scholarship. The Professor threw down his pen in despair, leaned back and put his feet on the table in the midst of the sacred manuscript, and invited them to have it out. It was the first time he had really surrendered to the demands of his natural self for an impartial consideration of the question.

"Confound him, anyway, with his solemn-faced ways!" impetuously began Mr. Homo, who, not having had the benefit of the System, was less self-controlled than his enemy. "Who or what is he that you make so much fuss over him? What good is he to anyone? Tell me, will you?—if you can!" Mr. Homo addressed

himself directly to the Professor; for Dr. Scholarship, he knew, considered himself above argument.

The Professor consequently answered for his learned protégé. Of course, he felt bound to manifest some indignation, especially as he was secretly fond of Mr. Homo, whose genial and direct ways he had always liked, and was guiltily conscious that he was inclined to agree with him.

"What!" he exclaimed irritably. "Don't you believe in scholarship at all?"

"That isn't what I said," replied Mr. Homo. "What I'm talking about is your version of it—your darling Terminations over there. I want to know what excuse they have for existence? Come, now, who's the better for them? Your students, I suppose!" There was iron in his voice.

The Professor had to concede that five years' experience had taught him that it was better for Terminations to keep away from his classroom.

"Well, then," went on Mr. Homo, "if not *your* students, whose?"

The Professor considered a moment; he could see no reason why what was repellent and useless when set before his own students should be of benefit to the students of anyone else; and he was, to tell the truth, possessed of a lively doubt that Terminations would ever be introduced to the notice of other students. He was thinking of certain pet theories of his learned friends which *his* students had never heard of. He was silent.

"Then whom do they benefit, and whom will they benefit? The people at large? Nonsense! Whom then?"

"The Scholars of the country," said the Professor, proudly, with letters and reviews in mind; and added, haughtily: "You know I don't pretend to write for the common run of mankind."

Mr. Homo looked him squarely in the eye. "Very well. How many scholars are you writing for?" he queried.

The Professor was honest. He considered a

while, and did not dare to place the number of those interested in his line of investigation at more than two score.

"And how many of the two score," broke in Mr. Homo eagerly, "are you sure will read your work through, or ever refer to it again if they do?"

Here the Professor's glance happened to fall on the heap of uncut books, dissertations, and reprints lying in the corner. He reflected that his knowledge of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the products of scholarship was limited to what he read in reviews of them, and that the reviews themselves usually paid more attention to misprints and technical errors than to really significant qualities. He saw that it was easily possible that Terminations would never be read by anyone except the friends who would "kindly consent" to read the proof in return for his gratitude, which he would manifest by giving them advertising space in the preface. Possibly there might be added a reviewer or two; though

he knew something of their methods, and didn't feel sure of them.

He confessed his thoughts like a man.

"Then see what you are doing," pursued Mr. Homo, with merciless logic. "Here you have spent five years in becoming a scholar, and five more in a professor's chair. During all the first five, you neglected the much coveted privilege of enriching your mind and soul for the sake of learning how to be accurate, exhaustive, and methodical in the treatment of mere lumber; and during most of the last five, you have been robbing yourself of physical, intellectual, and spiritual growth, and cheating your classes out of the inspiration which your institution meant you to give them, and which you yourself are secretly convinced is worth more than anything else they can get. And for what? To write something for a half-dozen men to glance at and consign to a dusty heap like that of yours in the corner. Whatever good it does stops right there with those few individuals—without reaching either

students or people, or contributing one iota toward making life more abundant. Waste, waste, absolute waste!" Mr. Homo's temperature was rising.

"But, my dear man," remonstrated the Professor, "you are unreasonable. There is waste in all production. Think of manufacturing processes. Think of the countless pages of scribbling and the scant body of real literature. Why, even Nature herself is wasteful!" The System had taught him this argument.

"All of which may be true," replied Mr. Homo, "without proving that waste is desirable, or that it is justifiable when it may be avoided."

"But my work is not waste! I insist on it," said the Professor. "It is a model of scholarly method, and will contribute to the spirit of scholarly activity. The nation needs it. Think of Germany! If everyone should take your advice, there would be no scholarship at all!" This was the best argument the System possessed.

But Mr. Homo knew very little of the argu-

ments of the System. "That's where you're way off," he said. His language was not always Systematically dignified. "I am not objecting to effort over something worth while, nor even to a reasonable amount of training as a means to an end. But I *am* objecting to the confusion of means and end, to the publication of books and articles on trivial subjects which have interest for few people, and value for none at all. I am objecting to the sham of writing merely for the sake of writing, and to the pretense of scholarship for the sake of gratifying personal vanity, receiving calls to coveted positions, or ministering to the greed of book concerns. I am objecting to the fraud of a system which treats the most important of the humanities as if it were the most material instead of the most spiritual of subjects; and, by inordinately emphasizing the trivial unknown, encourages the neglect of the great field of the known and approved. Here are hundreds of graduate students spending nine-tenths of their time in learned trifling over unliterary detail, and

calling it scholarship; while not one out of ten of them has yet read all of his Horace or Virgil, or could give an intelligent account of their significance in universal literary history, to say nothing of making them attractive to a class. Have *you* read your Virgil within the past five years? Have you *ever* read Homer through, or Tasso, or Dante, or Milton? There, never mind, I don't want to embarrass you!"

"Am I then to contribute nothing to scholarship?" cried the Professor. "Is my life to be fruitless in the great cause?"

"Oh, dear me, no! Not at all!" Mr. Homo reassured him. "You may be a scholar yet, but don't think that you must do it right away. You are not ripe for it now. What are you about, anyway, trying to write books at thirty? One might think you had some great message for the world! Bless your heart, you don't know enough yet to write anything worth putting into print! You haven't lived enough or thought enough to possess real knowledge. Haven't I heard you

quote from Horace that the beginning and source of good writing is to know? What you have on those sheets there [the Professor had involuntarily glanced at Terminations in T] isn't *knowledge*—any more than a neat pile of bricks is architecture. Shall I give you some good advice?"

The Professor nodded assent, and tried to frown as he did so. He liked Mr. Homo's sincerity and fearlessness, but the System was still strong enough with him to restrain him from open confession.

"Well, then," continued his mentor, "drop this nonsense!" He pointed toward Terminations. "Don't imagine that what you are engaged in is German scholarship. It isn't; it's only a cheap imitation. Don't write books until you have something to write about; *real* German scholarship doesn't. And don't fancy that the writing of books on such subjects as that of yours is the only form of scholarship, or is necessarily scholarship at all. To be able to commune with the

souls of the world's great poets—who are, after all, the world's greatest creative scholars—and to interpret their message to humanity, is a higher form of scholarship than the capacity for collection and arrangement of data about them. *That* is the work of a mechanician, and requires ingenuity rather than intellect. It doesn't really take brains to do that. Remember that you are a teacher of literature, and that the very highest form of creative scholarship in literature is to produce new combinations in thought and language, just as in chemistry it is to discover new combinations of chemicals. If you cannot create, the next best is to interpret and transmit. Don't fancy, too, that there is no scholarship except what appears in print. If there can be sermons in stones and books in the running brooks, all the more can there be scholarship in human personality. Hearken to my commandments, and your peace shall be as a river. Fill your head and your heart with the riches of our literary heritage, so that out of the abundance of the

heart your mouth shall speak. *Inspire, and point the way!* Your old teacher was one of that kind —and to think that for a time you thought you knew more than he! He will be dead and gone years before you know as much as he knew ten years ago."

The Professor himself had for some time gradually been coming to that conclusion, and felt no resentment at the words. Nor was this his only change of opinion. The truth was, Mr. Homo had only summed up in convincing manner the Professor's most intimate cogitations for the past year or two. His conviction and conversion were only the natural result of a long process. The trammels of the System should no longer be on him. Nature, the good friend whom the pitchfork of the System had expelled, should henceforth be allowed a voice in the direction of his effort. He would know more of great books, of men, of life; his tongue and pen should flow from inspiration as well as industry; he would tell not only what was, but what it meant.

He rose and gathered together his material on Consonantal Terminations, carried it over to the corner of the room, and deposited it with the heap of reprints. Then he turned out the light and started to leave the room, but on second thought went back and picked up the sheets again, and put them in the fireplace. By the cheerful light they gave, he removed to the dusty shelves of his closet all the apparatus on Terminations which covered the table and loaded the revolving case, and set in its place his favorite poets, novelists, historians, and essayists, glowing with pleasure at the promise of the future.

CHAPTER III

MUD AND NAILS

THE Professor had been greatly diverted by certain utterances of his two little daughters. One was eight, slender and dark, with something of the Peruginesque Saint in her features; the other, five, with eyes big and blue and hair all gold, a well-fed, boisterous little pagan with Venetian exuberance of flesh and color. They were, to be sure, a trifle unlike in temperament, but, after all, the principal ground of their dissimilarity lay in the superior education of the Saint; she had been in school two years, and had learned a few of the old Greek stories.

Sitting before the fireplace one evening with the Professor, who from time to time replenished the blaze with the dry and half-rotten remains of the old lawn fence, which had become un-

fashionable as well as useless—lawn fences had gradually gone out of style in the community as one professor after another, under the pressure of *saeva necessitas,* had deferred the reconstruction of his own—they were seeing things in the crackling embers. She of the saintly aspect, gazing with eyes of reverie into the glowing mass of half-consumed wreckage, had suddenly exclaimed, "I see Hercules with his club!" whereupon the golden-haired one, roused to emulation, had cried out, hoarsely, "I see nails!" On the day before, too, as they were playing about the old postholes in the lawn, the Professor had heard them cry out, the one, triumphantly, "I see Perseus and the Gorgon!" and the other, a trifle belated and embarrassed, "I see mud!"

Of course, being a college professor—and a trifle old-fashioned, too, in spite of his comparative youth—he had seized upon the incident with the homiletic instinct, mentally giving it a label, and put it in the appropriate place in his moral card-catalogue. The more he reviewed it, the

more he felt that his little daughters had unconsciously reflected the two great varieties of the human kind—those who see the circumstances of life as mere MUD and NAILS, blinded to the essence of things by what in them is real, tangible, and practical; and those who are happily deluded into seeing the essential by not being able to see things as they seem to be. The latter variety, it seemed to the Professor, were greatly in the minority; he had but a limited number of acquaintances who saw poetry in life, whereas the number of people who saw no farther than mud and nails seemed to him infinite.

He could not find it in his heart to blame them —the practical was so obtrusive and insistent, and visible creation so easy to see. He sympathized with them more than he would at all times have cared to confess. The fact was, the mud and nails of his own existence were plentiful enough, and gave him no slight trouble. He never could tell when they would insist on being looked at in all their ugliness. They were his

unbidden guests at many a feast; he was never entirely safe from them. He felt as apprehensive of them and as helpless before them as one feels who has taken the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse, and expects at every moment the return of the fabled enemies of the mother of mankind.

The Professor had them again today. It was a blue Monday, in October—it rained, and the wind was never weary; at every gust the dead leaves whirled against the window-panes—one of those gloomy, cold, rainy Mondays when the tears of Nature, though more visible to the world, were hardly more numerous than the droppings from the eyes of her coeducational daughters (perhaps of her sons as well) in the secluded rooms of the Latin quarter. The Professor was sitting in his study, alone. It was a long time since he himself had contributed to the moisture of blue Monday—he had been a freshman fifteen years before—but he was no stranger to the influences of the day.

It was so gloomy that the Professor could

hardly see the page, and he was so under the baneful influence that he could not keep his mind on its contents anyway, so he laid his book down and gave himself completely over to the impulse which had been assailing him with more or less persistence all day. He had been studying a bit of Milton with his class that morning, with results that seemed to him the last straw. There had been a distinguished visitor present, and the students had done their worst. He could forgive their stumbling over meter, and even their barbarous mispronunciation of proper names—they had never had even small Latin, and of course less Greek was out of the question under those circumstances, and the Professor knew from experience that the major portion of English literature, or of any other great literature, would always be a dead letter to them.

But they had gone farther than that, and outraged him by displaying a degree of ignorance incomprehensible even to anyone acquainted with their daily ways, to say nothing of one who,

like the distinguished visitor, had been in college before shoddy education came into vogue; they had not known who Miltiades was, or who fought the battle of Marathon; had told him, in uncertain tones which betrayed an interrogative attitude, that Adam was the first murderer—had killed his brother Cain; that Amphion was a two-handled measure containing about a bushel; and had asked him whether the quotation "five times received I forty stripes save one," which he had inadvertently used—he was always forgetting that scriptural quotations were mystifying—had anything to do with Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.

And as if that were not enough for one day, when he got home after his recitations he found awaiting him a letter from a graduate of his college—asking for references, of course; he rarely heard from his former students unless they wanted something—a letter displaying the usual evidences of simplified and individual taste in spelling and punctuation, and with more than

the usual innocence of anything even faintly suggesting style—just mud and nails, that was all.

Then came the weather with its gloom, and the Professor gave it up, sank back in his chair, and prepared to be as comfortably miserable as possible. He knew he would get over the attack, for he had had attacks like it before. Besides, he was a Horatian, and his Horace had taught him that the heart well fortified with wisdom

> Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
> Alteram sortem,

and that Jupiter drove away bad weather as well as brought it; that Apollo was not forever aiming his shafts, but sometimes paused to touch up the lyre, and that, even if the outlook was hopeless at times, it would not be always so. He knew that Nature's soft nurse would knit up the raveled sleave of his care, and that the poetry of his profession was likely to be visible again on the morrow. So hail, divinest Melancholy!

He would let the current sweep him where it would for that afternoon.

For the Professor was very much like men in other walks of life, and occasionally had his doubts as to the wisdom he had displayed in the choice of a profession. Not that he felt better qualified to succeed in some other profession: indeed he suspected that there was a great deal of truth in the popular view that a real college professor was fit for nothing else, and never could have been. That was not it. It was not his own fitness so much as the profession itself that he doubted.

The fact was that, even in his short teaching experience of ten years, he had grown so familiar with the processes and results of what was called education, and so unfamiliar with the activities of other occupations, that he sometimes mildly wondered whether he was after all moving in a sphere of real usefulness like other men. The thought disturbed him. *Qui fit, Maecenas?* Ought he not rather to have been a tradesman,

or a soldier—*quid enim? concurritur*—or a farmer, or a lawyer, or a grocer, or dry goods clerk—in a word, a member of some calling whose duties were clearly defined, whose success could be measured and expressed in mathematical terms, and for which he need offer no apology to the matter-of-fact world about him? If he must be a professor, ought he not to have chosen at least some subject classed as vital or practical or useful—engineering, for example, or agriculture, or domestic science?

But here he was, lecturing on literature—and poetry, at that,—which his country's foremost realist called "soft." He had gone through the college course with zeal and enthusiasm, and with perfect faith that he was deriving benefit commensurate with the enjoyment he experienced. Not content with that preparation, he had spent two years in graduate work at home, and two years more abroad. He had begun to teach with implicit confidence in his ability to impart knowledge, and in the ability of his students to receive

it. He was still young. Yet here he was, full of vigor in the pursuit of a calling which he enjoyed and to which he felt himself adapted, a prey to skepticism, entertaining strange thoughts, which were certainly not angelic, unawares.

Could it be, after all, that his faith had been misplaced—that the value of education was overestimated, and greatly so? He remembered having read the assertion of an English observer to the effect that education was the great national fetich of the United States. He thought of the motley crowd in his own and other institutions with which he was acquainted—of the thousands of aimless young men and women floating along in the current of the college course simply because report had it that education was a good thing; of the thousands more who worked hard first to gain entrance and then to remain, and whose case was hopeless because of natural dullness and deficiency; of the throngs—some stupid and some talented—who were unambitious; of the idlers who came to get culture through being in

the college atmosphere, and whose joys and sorrows were almost all inseparably connected with fraternity and sorority life.

All these, he saw, were in college principally because of their own or their parents' participation in the popular faith in education. There were a few, he felt, more mature and more intelligent, who could no doubt with reasons have answered him; but they were indeed few—for had he not received letters from the brightest of his former students, now teachers, imploring him to supply them with arguments to employ against skeptics and scoffers who were forever asking "What was the use" of literature and language? They had faith, to be sure, but it was a faith for the most part grounded in the fashion of the time. Not one of them had ever really formulated its reasons.

The national faith, too, was fostered by national prosperity. Everybody believed in education of some sort, and nearly everybody could afford it. The roll of college students had

doubled and tripled in a half-score of years, but the Professor could not escape the conviction that the number of intended amphoræ which came out pots as the course rolled round had increased beyond all proportion. Yes, he felt inclined to agree with his English friend: education certainly did look like a national fetich.

Nevertheless, he thought, better that for a fetich than something less worthy. But the unfortunate thing about it was that, in common with all other fetich-worship, it had a distinctly earthy end in view—as earthy as that of any primitive worship whose devotees bowed down and sacrificed in order either to avert the wrath or win the favor of deity. The national faith in education was to be defined as the substance of things hoped for not less than as the evidence of things not seen. Knowledge is Power, was its watchword, and its syllogism was: Knowledge is power: power is material gain; therefore, knowledge is material gain. Therefore, get an education, and put money in thy purse: follow thou the college

course. Hence the conflict of ideals which poisoned the whole system. Education was desirable because of what it would bring—I say, put money in thy purse—but it was also undesirable because it deferred realization. Faith said it was a good thing to have, but impatience said 'twere well it were had quickly. Let the process be speedy.

The Professor thought of the haste of young men to enter into the practice of the professions: of striplings who wanted to practise medicine at the age of twenty-three, or who thought it a waste of time to take the college course antecedent to legal or theological training—as though the world could afford to trust its property, its body, or its soul to a boy not yet able to comprehend the substance of Milton or Tennyson, to say nothing of appreciating their esthetic qualities.

Then he thought of the results—of the hosts of third- and fourth-rate lawyers who never would be first-rate lawyers, not to say Marshalls or Websters; of the physicians who never would

be more than mere practitioners, to say nothing of Oliver Wendell Holmeses; of the young men entering upon public life who would never be Gladstones or Hays; of the illogical and ungrammatical preachers he had heard; of the narrow, unenlightened, mechanical teachers he had seen who dealt daily with the greatest products of culture without really knowing what culture was; of the leaders in educational methods who knew culture principally as a machine-made product consisting of so many facts from arithmetic, geometry, and natural science, so many rules of English grammar, so many memorized standard poems, so many familiarized prose masterpieces, and who were always dazed when they met with anything which had not entered into their own particular recipe for education; of the veneered business men and society women he had mingled with among the "best people of the town." Some of them had rushed through college with the greatest speed possible, some with the greatest ease possible, and all with the greatest possible

attention to such subjects as seemed to themselves —college faculties no longer presumed to know better than students what was good for them— to have a direct bearing upon their future occupations.

You may know by this that the Professor was in the College of Liberal Arts. Had he been in one of the other colleges of his institution he would have had less cause for despair, for in them he had noticed that ideals were somewhat more nearly realized than in his own. At the commencement exercises a few years before, he had heard the dean of one of them announce that every graduate of his school had a position awaiting him as soon as he could obtain his diploma and present himself. The Professor had rather expected the heads of other colleges to inform the public, with equal self-satisfaction, that all of their graduates would be occupying lucrative positions behind soda fountains next day, or that the great corporations, the book concerns, the dairies and cheese factories, and the

restaurants and hotels of the state, were all waiting in breathless suspense to recruit from their graduates the attorneys, agents, butter- and cheese-makers, and chefs and waiters in their employ. He forgave them the omission.

But in his own college the disparity between ideals and actual achievement was so enormous that such moods as the one in which he now labored were not to be wondered at. The aim of his college was to produce a cultivated lady or gentleman ready to enter a chosen calling or course of training with not only a certain amount of definite knowledge, but also with a degree of appreciation and taste, of power of mind, and of sense of method such as would insure their growth into the best of which they were capable, and possibly into the best of their time, or even of all time. They were to be the Shakespeares and Ciceros, the Wagners and Michelangelos and Phidiases of their day, if it was in them, or as far as it was in them; the sordidness of practical problems was not to claim them so soon as to

prejudice their destiny. They were to have the best, and to do their best. It might be that

> Our best is bad, nor bears thy test;
> Still it should be our very best.

Yet the results were dismaying: the Professor had to recognize the fact every day. Few of his students entertained the ideals he set before them. They, too, to tell the truth, like the other colleges, and partly because of their presence, were after the substance of the world. A great majority of them intended to teach, and prospective teachers, the Professor had found, were after all just as much in a hurry to enter into the world of money-getting as lawyers and engineers. Recommendations to teach, and positions, were the prizes about which their efforts centered. As for those who were not to enter the profession of teaching, the greater part stood with one foot in the College of Liberal Arts and the other in law, or commerce, or domestic science, or medicine. What few were not in that case were anxious, if not for a short cut, for an easy one.

Was the fault all in method and environment? The Professor's gloomy spirit told him to-day that it was in the material, too. He indulged in a mathematical calculation. In his department there were six hundred freshmen. They had come from hundreds of high schools and academies scattered over a fertile and growing state. With some show of reason it could be assumed that they represented the best talent of these preparatory schools; and as these in turn could fairly be said to consist of the choicest material from thousands of common schools, it could also be assumed that the Professor and his associates had to do with the picked men and women from scores of thousands of the young people of the state. Every effort to cultivate their powers was put forth, and the process had been going on for years.

One might naturally expect, he thought, that so vast and orderly a machine of education might in time, if not beget, at least discover by chance some heart pregnant with celestial fire.

That training had failed to produce the great result, however, he well knew; the most noticeable outcome of the whole process was the inability of the average senior to write a letter which did not trangress the laws of orthography and taste a half-dozen times on a page, even if it contained ideas sufficient to fill so great a space. And as for hearts with celestial fire, and hands to wake to ecstasy the living lyre, out of the thousands who had come and gone within his own memory not one had proved even ordinarily *Musis amicus.*

He had almost given up looking for geniuses. It gave him pleasure now to find students who could comprehend literature, to say nothing of creating it. He thought of the other humanities, too—he had once taught a little Latin and Greek —of phrases barbarous in sound as well as incomprehensible in meaning, punctuated with groanings which could not be uttered; of whole passages rendered into jargon absolutely devoid of a shred of meaning by pupils who went on with

their heartbreaking performance as if they had uttered the sublime sense which the original was intended to convey. They had spelled her name "Dianna," and called her the god of death, told him that the Centaurs and Chimeras were German tribes conquered by Augustus, called Dolabella the goddess of peace, Aristides the goddess of the "chace," Andromache a Greek hero of Troy, Astyanax an island "somewhere in the Mediterranean," and defined "Soractus" as an intimate friend of Horace to whom he expounded the *carpe diem* idea. According to one of them, *Pilgrim's Progress* was "one of the sources of New England history." From a set of about twenty examination papers he had acquired the edifying information that Penelope was the Muse of history, the wife of Achilles, the Trojan Helen stolen by Agamemnon, the goddess of wine, mirth, and the like, the mother of Proserpina, one of the Muses who presided over lyric poetry, and "a kind of wine-jar." *Peste!* Much had he travailed in the realms of mud and nails!

Was it worth while, after all—all this machinery of education, with its tremendous waste and inferior output? Even supposing its product fairly up to the ideal, what of it? Did education make men live longer? Did it make their digestion better? Did it make them happier than other men or other animals? The Professor looked down at old Aristides, the pet of the household, sleek, well-fed, and warm, purring contentedly beside the waste-basket. The Professor knew well that he himself felt only rarely as Aristides felt eleven twelfths of the time. Why not be as the beasts of the field, and live in blissful ignorance of the woes of civilization? Why be civilized anyway? Was not all this fuss about being dressed and keeping clean and knowing things merely a notion after all? Why not go as Nature intended, live in a hole in the ground, and eat roots and berries? At any rate, if we must have civilization, why the refinements of civilization? Why poetry? Why painting and sculpture? Why religion, or any other of the

useless and impractical and vexatious things for which men struggled all through their miserable inconsequential little existences? Why education, except for purely utilitarian ends, if at all?

> The time was out of joint. O cursèd spite
> That ever he was born to set it right!

The violence of the Professor's conclusion shocked him into acute and dismaying consciousness of heresy. He called a halt on the thankless Muse—*Quo, Musa, tendis? Desine pervicax*—and bent stern brows upon her: What, no education? Live like beasts of the field? Yes, she replied; just that. What's the use in education? Prove to me that it is a good, if you can. I defy you.

Certainly, madame, said the Professor; for now that he had found someone who agreed with him and took for granted the very mud and nails he was contemplating, he began to veer. Certainly. Education makes man a better member of society.

That may be true, she persisted, but is society necessary? Why society? You amaze me, answered the Professor. Why, indeed, but to regulate the relations of men to each other, to afford protection to the weak, and to make it possible for every human being to put forth his best effort?

Yes, replied the Muse, but Nature regulates the affairs of other beings; why should man be an exception? Why should he alone be against her, and not for her, and do his best to defeat her efforts through what you call society? She never intended the weak to survive—only the strong and the fit. She intended man simply to live, and eat, and die.

Preposterous! cried the Professor. What nonsense! What do you mean by Nature? Isn't human compassion as much a product of Nature as human brawn? Isn't intellect as truly a natural product as the appetite of a hog? Do you mean to say that Nature has not reared cities and governments among men as well as grown

fur on the backs of beasts? Don't be so narrow!

Yes, she replied, scornfully—and charity balls, and evening costume, and predigested food, and undigesting stomachs!

The Professor scrutinized her countenance, not quite sure that she didn't mean that for humor. You see he thought she meant female evening dress, and he had never been able to credit it wholly either to Nature or Art, though the claim of Nature seemed on the whole slightly superior. Besides, her allusion to the stomach caught his attention—he was dieting that week under the direction of the *Ladies' Home Companion*. He had been acting on its various and varying suggestions for some time, and rather enjoyed the adventurous course.

It is no wonder, then, that the Professor lost the thread of his argument for the moment. He began again, however, though somewhat weakly and irrelevantly: And besides, education makes men happier.

The Muse looked suggestively down at Aristides. In much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow, she quoted.

The Professor knew that, and could not help thinking of the *Companion* and its hints on diet. He, too, resorted to Scripture. Yes, he said, but he lives life more abundantly, and that is surely worth while, for the great Teacher Himself came to give us that.

He didn't do it by present educational methods, though, she said with asperity.

To be sure, said the Professor, but—and he was just about to deliver the substance of the last sermon he had heard—the hundred and twelfth on the subject since he had begun to record them—which had attempted to reconcile the practices of modern Christian society with the literal teachings of Christ. But the Muse anticipated him, and urged her point: Come now, she taunted him, where is your logic? You don't seem to be getting

on with your proof that education is a good.

The Professor was getting desperate, and impatient as well. He had never heard such heresy uttered before, had never supposed that education was in need of apologists, and it irritated him to find someone who would not grant him the necessary premises.

He had to appeal to a higher court. How do I know it is a good? Why, the course of history proves it!

But history may be wrong, was the reply.

Then let it be wrong! said the Professor. My heart tells me that the cultivation of all my faculties is necessary, imperative. My soul thirsteth for it as for the living God. All history shows that the race has the instinct for knowledge divinely planted in it.

The Muse knew there was no use arguing with a man who spoke with such fervor. She knew even better than a professor that religious convictions are not proper matter for

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argument; so she determined to concede a point.

Well, let us grant that society, and all that, she said, is necessary, and that education is an ally of society; but what's the use of the higher education which you call culture? If you must have education and schools, why not teach your young people the elements: how to handle tools, cook meals, make clothes, shoot and ride, keep accounts, run railroad trains, and how to teach other generations to do the same? Why aren't you more practical?

The Professor was in a glow now. He forgot his former gloom for a moment. Practical! he cried. I maintain that it *is* practical to train up men and women to wide outlook and broad understanding!

Oh, that's all very well, rejoined the Muse. But unless your culture has something to do with everyday life and results in something useful, what health is there in it? Come now, let us

reason together. Can culture set to a leg? or an arm? or take away the grief of a wound? Can the surgeon do his work better knowing *Paradise Lost* or Gray's *Elegy* than he could if he had never heard of them? What is culture? a word. What is in that word culture? air. Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Therefore, I'd advise you to have none of it more than is necessary for the feeding and clothing of yourself and your family.

The Professor was hot with indignation. It's plain to see that you are not Clio, he cried; and I don't believe you are even Zeus-born. You're a modern masquerader. If you had lived in antiquity, or if you knew the first thing about history, you'd never utter such trash as that. Look here: tell me, if you can, what are the only things which have lasted through the ages? Are they the bridges built by engineers? There are only two bridges of note mentioned from antiquity—those of Cæsar and Xerxes—and neither would be known were it not for the literary art. (The

Professor wasn't sure about the number, but he never did like to let the truth interfere with his rhetoric.) Varro knew a thousand times as many practical and useful facts as Cicero, and wrote them down; but they are lying in cold obstruction because they were not recorded in the language of an artist. Their very existence would be forgotten if pedantry did not occasionally resurrect notice of them. Do you suppose the fame of our own age two thousand years hence is going to rest upon the achievements of commerce, or the height of our skyscrapers, or the speed of our trains, or the number of our graduates, or the size of our circuses? What does the fame of *past* ages rest upon? You are only earth-born, after all. Go back and ask your nine ancient sisters—elder and wiser than you—whether it was the leather of Cleon the tanner that made Greece famous, or that impractical temple on which Pericles had the state squander its money. Was it the bank account of Crassus or was it Cicero's eloquence that was

worth while in the Roman Republic? Don't you know that

> All passes. Art alone
> Enduring stays to us;
> The bust out-lasts the throne,—
> The Coin, Tiberius?

What could you know about the history of the world without the literature, sculpture, painting, and architecture which antiquity left behind, and which men even in the most barbarous age respected for their beauty, hardly knowing why? What would be left of past ages if it were not for their devotion to that same impractical culture which you despise? Don't you understand that only what is practical is perishable, and what is impractical is eternal? The trouble with you is that you are too modern; you've been listening to people whose vision doesn't reach beyond the limits of their own township and their own century. What you need most is a little knowledge of history and a few other impractical subjects. You're narrow and bigoted and short-sighted.

Either the whole course of history is wrong and civilization is a farce, or I am right. *My* way is the way of Nature, after all.

The Muse felt that she couldn't stem that tide. She flew into a passion, flounced out of the room, and left the Professor in possession of the field. I'll not talk with you another single minute, so there! were her parting words. At least you will not find many to agree with you!

Yes, that might be so; he expected to find comparatively few; but he consoled himself out of his wisdom. There always had been comparatively few. Man might be a thinking animal, but, after all, the literary animal, even the intellectual animal of any order, was a rare thing, and always had been. He thought of the few—the very few —great names which had survived from among the millions and millions who had trodden the globe and now were numbered with the tribes that slumbered in its bosom. Even in Athens, at a time for fecundity of intellect unexampled in the world's history, there had been only one great

man in five thousand. What if his own age produced only one in a million, or none at all? There had been such ages before. The leaven was nevertheless working; the soil was swelling the seed, and some day would come the bursting forth of the embryo, the springing of the plant, the apparition of the beautiful flower. For the flower of civilization was after all only art, and the whole creation groaned and travailed in the effort to produce it.

Then let others insist that the hewing of wood and the drawing of water constituted the only serious and profitable business of life. These things had their place and their use, it was true; but for himself, he was about business far more important. Let the world call him and his ideals impractical; it could see only mud and nails where he saw the angels of God ascending and descending. Its slings and arrows mattered not; thrice-armed was he that had his quarrel just. He would continue to do what both intuition and reason told him was the supremely worth while.

And so the Professor concluded, as he had concluded many times before, and as he had known all along that he would conclude this time, to continue cheerfully on his way with faith that somehow good would be the final goal of ill, and not to go into real estate or life insurance, or open a commercial college.

CHAPTER IV

THE PROFESSOR ASKS FOR MORE

WHEN the Professor picked up the December *Parnassic* and saw on its first page the title *Riches: A Christmas Essay,* of course he was unable to resist the peculiar fascination which such a subject has for his class, and began to read. Not that he had any business to be interested in such a topic, or that he *was* really or vitally interested in it; but college professors, like small boys at holiday time, are sometimes given to gazing with distant eyes into the display window of the world's glittering toys, and wondering what they would do if the kind fairy should suddenly make her appearance and transport them to the realms of possession and enjoyment. He began to read with only a mild and contemplative curiosity, knowing perfectly well the futility of

allowing himself to be concerned with a theme like that.

But when the Professor came to the affirmation that heads of American families, with not more than four children, and with incomes of fifteen thousand dollars a year, had nearly as much money as was good for them, though fifteen thousand dollars a year was not riches, he suddenly sat up, rubbed his eyes, and took a second look.

Yes, there it was, fifteen thousand dollars—it had been no mistake of his vision. From that moment he was attentive. After convincing himself of the accuracy of his senses, his first thought was that the author of the essay was meanly indulging in irony at the expense of simple people like himself, and he began to feel resentful—— But no, it was serious enough—" fifteen thousand dollars a year, *though it was not riches* (the italics are the Professor's), represented so nearly as much money as was good for the head of an American family with not more than four

children that he could well afford to be particular about what he did to make his income bigger."

Here indeed was a fruitful theme for meditation! The Professor sank back in his chair, closed his eyes, and set his imagination to work; or rather, let it loose for a holiday, in the attempt to spend that fifteen thousand dollars a year which was not riches. His imagination was of the sober, steadfast, and demure kind, not accustomed to play, much less work, with material of such magnitude, and at first he found it somewhat difficult to get it into action.

After recovering from a momentary paralysis, however, it did fairly well. Fifteen thousand dollars a year!—he could have a home of his own, with calm Peace and Quiet, instead of inhabiting a Procrustean domicile which was forever interfering with both his physical and spiritual comfort; he could have his own shelves, and fill them with his own books, and be relieved of the necessity of either working amid the wooden

surroundings of the college library or carrying to and from it armfuls of borrowed volumes, if indeed it afforded him the works most needful; he could afford a cook, a nurse girl, and a maid to relieve his wife of the too great burden of household care; he could make more abundant provision for her future and that of their children by taking out another policy, and incidentally contribute a trifle more to the salary of his neighbor the life insurance president—he liked to do a good-natured thing; he could afford his sons and daughters their fraternity and sorority expenses without depriving himself and their mother of ordinary comforts; he could even send them away to college—to some faculty with which he was not so intimately acquainted, and in which he therefore placed greater confidence—and relieve both them and himself of embarrassment; he could be independent in his choice of breakfast foods, and set his table with a view to health rather than economy; or, following the reasoning of Mr. Dooley, to the effect that " 'tis not what y' ate that gives

y' th' indigistion—'tis the rint," he could roll from his shoulders the anxieties of meeting the monthly bills, and escape the nervously prostrating annoyance of being obliged to refuse his wife and daughters the quarterly bonnet and gown; he could afford a season in Europe once in a half dozen years (he had to afford it, whether able or not, or drop into the background both in his abilities and in the esteem of his fellows) without wearing himself thin with economy and actual deprivation in the intervals; he could meet without hardship the for him really great expense of annual attendance at the gatherings of his two or three learned societies, where his duty alike to himself and to his institution (indeed the wishes of his president were so plainly expressed as to amount almost to compulsion) called him to read, in the name of Scholarship, some reams of uninteresting manuscript on uninteresting subjects never heard of before to uninterested audiences who would never hear of them again, at least if their wishes were consulted; he could meet

the demands of benevolent and religious organizations like his neighbors, without its costing him ten times as much in proportion to his salary as it did them; he could look forward to an old age not unseemly, when he should neither be an object of Carnegie charity nor suffer indignity or contempt at the hands of younger men who had forgotten his long and faithful service and not yet discovered that wisdom was not to die with them; he could indulge in a canoe, or a launch, or treat his wife to an occasional drive, or discard that rusty, creaking bicycle, out of date years ago, which had long made him a conspicuous mark for the shafts of the small boy's wit in a woodless and bearless generation——

But the Professor opened his eyes, and they rested upon the reality. He had hardly realized the extent of his poverty hitherto. Here was a sober estimate which placed a comfortable annual living expense, *not riches,* at fifteen thousand dollars—something like ten times the amount he was receiving! If fifteen thousand a year was not

riches, what was his own income to be denominated?

He analyzed the situation, and somewhat more fully than he had ever done before. He looked about in the community upon those who possessed, if not the fifteen thousand, at least a great deal more than he himself received. Many of them were associates of himself and of his fellows in the faculty, and some of them were faculty men of independent means. He recognized, and without conceit, that he was possessed of as much culture as they, that his morals were as good as theirs, that they were not better churchmen than he, nor better citizens. He was their equal morally, socially, religiously, legally, and politically—and a charitable public sometimes went so far as to give him credit, in spite of his profession, for something like as much common sense as they possessed. They were his friends; he moved in the same social circle with them, and was welcome—dined with them, went to church with them, contributed toward the same benev-

olences, educated his children in the same way, shared in the same ideals, wore the same quality of clothing, was bound by the same conventions—in short, participated in their life. Why should he not do so, endowed as he was with all the gifts of personality enjoyed by them?

But—the fact of which he could not dispose was that he was participating in a life whose pace was determined by them, not by him, and on the basis, not of the things they possessed in common with him, but on that of money, the one item in which he was unable to vie with them; and the pace was not accommodated to his financial circumstances. He was their equal in all but income. That was the troublesome factor in the problem. That was the *Atra Cura* which climbed up behind his classroom desk with him, and stood waiting at his bedside every morning when he woke.

More than that: other people in the community did not view the matter from his angle. There lay one root of his difficulty. The com-

munity in which the Professor lived did not judge him according to his salary, nor indeed did they take the trouble to inquire what it was; but ignorantly, though not unreasonably, classed him among the rich with whom he kept company. From the tailor and grocer down to the plumber and the ash man, all based the valuation of their services to him on the assumption that he was rich; the milliner and dressmaker served his wife on the same assumption; the Church looked to him for generous donations of time and money; he was solicited for a contribution to every benevolent project which arose; the Improvement Association levied upon him for funds to keep up public drives over which he had never driven; the lawyer charged him the same fees he did the merchant or banker whose income was five times his; the surgeon expected as much from him for the removal of his appendix as he did from the rich lawyer or broker or his rich neighbor of independent fortune; his sons associated with the sons of corporation magnates; his wife's intimate

friends in the Woman's Club were among the richest women in town, and she and her daughters looked to him to dress them like the daughters and wife of the banker.

His whole salary went in the attempt to meet all these demands; his whole life was a more or less unsuccessful effort to appear worthy of the circle in which his family seemed intended by nature to move. This was why his library was as full of gaps as his purse was of cobwebs; this was why his clothes were so dangerously near being threadbare; this was why he had grown wrinkled and gray in the effort to piece out his salary by struggling with magazine articles during the midnight hours of term time, and through the vacation days which should have been given up to an attempt to regain something of the elasticity of mind lost during the year; this was why his digestion was impaired, and why some of the delight of teaching had left him, and something of the sunshine of his presence had begun to be missed by his students. Clearly, it

was an impossibility. Clearly, either the company of his choice had set up a wrong ideal, or he had chosen the wrong company.

The Professor cast about for remedies. Naturally, his first thought was that his own income ought to be greater. Why should the lawyer, the physician, the life insurance president, the broker, or the banker, whose professional preparation had been no more protracted and no more expensive than his own, and whose services to the commonwealth were no more valuable, receive a reward so much greater than his own? In justice, either his reward should be greater, or theirs less; in either case he could live on terms of greater equality with them.

But the Professor could see well enough that neither of these remedies would be wrought in time for his own salvation. His speculation took another direction. He remembered that his first year's service had brought him just eight hundred dollars, and that he had managed to make it support his household; that the second year he

had received a thousand, which had gone no farther than the eight hundred; and that of twelve, fourteen, fifteen, eighteen hundred, and two thousand no greater sum remained at the end of the year than had remained of the eight hundred; and that the expenses which took all his income now seemed to him as natural and necessary, and as little extravagant, as those of the first year. His needs had sprung into being as fast as his salary had risen to meet them. His increases of salary had contributed appreciably to the comfort of mind and body of the tradesmen with whom he had dealt, and had relieved his family (temporarily) of what seemed to them real need; but as for himself, he had become a stranger to peace of mind, and had almost as little peace of body. He had yielded to pressure, and allowed himself to be bound by new needs as they arose one by one, until he was hopelessly entangled in the meshes of an interminable net.

If he could only have headed off the new needs

from the beginning—— If he could only begin now—— Here might lie a remedy. Why *not* begin now? He called to mind the golden words of Thomas Carlyle: *The fraction of life increases in value not so much by increasing the numerator as by lessening the denominator.* He had not properly kept his denominator down, he saw. He remembered the equally golden words of Stevenson: *To be truly happy is a question of how we begin, and not of how we end, of what we want, and not of what we have.* That he had allowed himself to want too much was now very clear to him. He remembered his Horace, too:

> Contracto melius parva cupidine
> Vectigalia porrigam,
> Quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei
> Campis continuem. Multa petentibus
> Desunt multa: bene est cui deus obtulit
> Parca quod satis est manu.

He remembered the reply of wise old Socrates, whose property was worth about one hundred dollars all told, to Kritoboulos, who had a hundredfold that amount: he himself, said the

homely philosopher, was the rich man of the two, for his possessions satisfied his wants, while Kritoboulos, whose income was only a third the sum needed to satisfy his, was the poor man. He also thought he saw in his mental storehouse a text or two from the Scriptures, though through a glass, somewhat darkly, for he had gradually dropped the old-fashioned habit of quoting, discouraged by the mystified look on the faces of his pupils and associates. He nevertheless recalled, by dint of effort, that the life was more than meat, and the body more than raiment, and that a man's life consisted not in the abundance of the things he possessed.

After all, had he not been beguiled by false ideals? Had he been right in thinking it necessary to meet his richer friends on their own ground—to make his dinners as elaborate as theirs, to dress his family as they dressed theirs? Was it desirable after all that he have a launch or an automobile, or even a carriage, or that his wife have a cook, a nurse girl, and a chamber-

maid? Had not his idea as to what constituted kindness to his family been after all a trifle distorted? Was it after all desirable that his wife spend her time exclusively in social and intellectual pursuits? Would she be a whit happier with no housework to do and no children to care for? Was it necessary, or even desirable, for his sons and daughters to belong to fraternities and sororities? Was it absolutely necessary that he live in a large house in the wealthy quarter of the city, and that his furniture, rugs, and china be as fine as those of his rich neighbors? Did those neighbors require it of him? Could he not retain their friendship and esteem by the dignified pursuit of an even course of life according to his own income? If not, why would it not be better to keep his own course nevertheless, and rely upon nature to form him his circle of friends from among those who did the same? Why follow the many-headed beast of society at all? Was there no geniality and no sociability for men of less than fifteen thousand dollars income? Was

there no friendly intercourse without elaborate dinners? Was there any law of nature, or any principle of common sense, which made it necessary for an educator of the youth of a democracy to have on hand three styles of hat, four styles of coat, two or three styles of shoe, and all the appurtenances thereto? Where was the ideal of plain living and high thinking? Why not austere living and high thinking, if necessary?

These thoughts the Professor, in communion with himself. He had been pursuing a false ideal, and had got into the wrong company. Clearly, he could not increase the numerator; ergo, he would lessen the denominator. He would amend his ways, and be happier; the simple life for him henceforth. All his good resolutions he made on the Ides, and on the Kalends began to break them. He could not free himself from the meshes—and his struggles, to tell the truth, were not very violent. The incomes of his associates would have to come down, he saw, or his own would have to come up, or

society be made over, before he should be relieved of his burden, or cease to be haunted by the vision of old age and the Associated Charities.

Meanwhile, he would find his consolation in the nobility of his calling and in the delight of pursuing it.

CHAPTER V

A DESPERATE SITUATION

THE Professor stood leaning on his rake, his sleeves rolled up, and his flushed face beady with perspiration. Not really, of course; only figuratively. He was not in his garden, and it was not a garden-rake. It was a Muck-rake, and the Professor had been laboring for some time to no purpose, and was now resting, and meditating.

The Professor had been obliged to buy a new overcoat that year. His last was five years old. Not that age in itself mattered: he was a professor of the classics, and age improved things, according to his thinking; and besides, he had grown so fond of the old coat through long association that to lay it aside seemed almost like casting off a tried and faithful friend.

But the sleeve-ends and the edges had worn through, and worse, the button-holes had gapingly refused to serve another day: you can't wear an overcoat forever. Then, too, there had been needy Professor Junior, on whom the mantle would descend, and Professor Junior's expectant younger brother, who was next in the line of succession, and would in his turn enter into an inheritance because of his elder's good fortune; so that when the Professor had considered how well he would be serving the economic principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, his act had seemed to him to be founded upon real virtue.

So he had made a judicious purchase, skilfully selecting a garment of non-committal color and style—one of the kind which never looks very new, and, except at very short range, never looks very old, and which, in the light of several times repeated experience, the Professor saw would possess the prime quality of longeval ambiguity after its evil days came.

Of course he hadn't paid for it yet. It was

still the early part of the year, before the Christmas holidays, and he had hardly as yet made up the annual deficit caused by the summer vacation —that delightfully long period during which he was expected to be getting his next year's courses into shape, and writing books for the glory of his college, and during which his expenses went on as usual, and his most substantial earnings were the envy of his neighbors for having chosen such an irresponsible and carefree calling. He had never at any time succeeded in meeting all his financial obligations before Christmas, and latterly it had been midwinter before he could begin to look the world in the face again.

For times had been changing. The butcher, the baker, and the grocer, the coalman, the milkman, and the dry goods merchant had all entered into league against him, and charged him more each year; his books were all higher priced now, and net at that; his landlord asked more and gave less; and two or three examples of the eternal and insatiable feminine were fast grow-

ing up in his household—but the Professor's salary remained the same. He belonged to no union, but had to stand and deliver to those who did; he received no tips, but was obliged to give them in order to enter into full possession of what his money bought. In the midst of a world which was united and stood, he was divided and falling.

His friend, the professor of economics, had often explained to the Professor that all this was wholly natural and inevitable, being only the outgrowth of certain economic laws which were perfectly susceptible of demonstration, and that the remedy would in process of time be evolved through the same instrumentality. The Professor himself, who was not much of a reasoner, suggested that a rise in salaries would, on the whole, be simpler and more gratifying; but he accepted his friend's explanation nevertheless.

It was comforting to feel that he understood his case, however imperfectly; but there was the coat to pay for, just the same. He had cast

about for ways and means. Couldn't he in some way turn his professional knowledge to account? His friend the geologist, he had been told, was getting rich by engaging in work outside the classroom, and divers other faculty acquaintances were doing the same. Some of his friends, too, were writing valuable books on the destruction of disease germs, the handling of currency, the rearing of children, the art of cooking, and a variety of other interesting subjects, and adding to both their reputations and their bank accounts.

But the Professor had immediately reflected that he could locate no mines or quarries except those of literary and spiritual richness, and no one cared to pay for that kind of prospecting. He knew that he could survey no lines except the long and devious paths to culture, and that few people in his day concerned themselves with that kind of surveying.

Not that they didn't care for culture; they did care for it, for they invested in all kinds of cheap imitations of it and substitutes for it.

They couldn't afford the real thing, because it cost them time and effort; and there were other more important prizes. There was *success,* and *wealth.* What they wanted was an air line to wealth—through cultured landscapes, with the briefest possible stop-overs at a few proper points just for the purpose of locating the principal monuments mentioned in the guidebook, and getting the innkeepers' tags pasted onto their traveling bags. The tags often came handy as proofs that they had really been there.

To be sure, the Professor had at times handled a little currency—for short periods, you understand; and he thought he knew something about the way in which a child should be trained up; and he could cook certain innocent dishes—the kind he and his brothers and their ancestors had thrived on in days before it had become the province of colleges and family journals to enlighten and frighten the world on the subject of what it ate. But he wasn't familiar enough with the terminology of any of those branches

of learning to be able to dress up his remarks in the pompous and circumstantial style without which he knew they would command neither respect nor attention.

He would have to try something in his own field, after all. Not in his specialty, you understand: he had done many an article on literary subjects, waited a year for learned journals to find space for them, and looked for his reward to the cultivation they afforded him, the interest with which they filled his calling, and the satisfaction of having done a scholarly piece of work. On the last one he had spent most of his summer vacation, and then had been obliged to pay for a few reprints of it.

However, he didn't feel like complaining. Indeed, there were moments when he felt not only that he got all that his articles were worth to the world, but that it would be greatly to the comfort, if indeed not to the interest, of society at large if all such publications had to be paid for, by their authors, at advertising rates. Such

an arrangement would at least possess the merit of fostering frankness.

But all this was beside the point. What the Professor wanted was money with which to pay for his overcoat. He must write something which would be worth while to the literary periodicals rather than to the journals of the learned —something of interest to the general reader— something new, or at least something old dressed up in a new garb.

It must be popular, of course; that is, it must follow and reflect the sentiment of the people, while it appeared to lead and direct it. A bright idea struck him. He would expose something or somebody. He had been reading *exposés* in various magazines for some time, could see that they were popular, and had it from report that the authors received fabulous amounts for their services. The more he had thought of it, the better had the idea seemed. While Raking was the fashion and the smell of muck was abroad in the land, why shouldn't he have his turn at it?

Hence the Professor's appearance in the realms of muck. He had got him a fine-toothed Rake, determined to succeed. . . . But whom could he expose? He wasn't acquainted with anyone who was apparently very bad, or really very rich or great, and he knew that if he attacked anyone at all it must be someone with both qualifications. As a matter of fact, there was only one individual concerning whom he possessed information adequate to form the basis of such an article as he wished to write—and that individual was himself. But it was hardly possible to expose himself—unless he could conceal his authorship under a feigned name. He considered it, hoping that the plan might prove feasible.

But it was open to grave objection: he wasn't great; he wasn't famous, so far as he was aware, and he was very sure he wasn't rich; and it wouldn't be quite fair to the public to get it wrought up for nothing.

So he had reluctantly given up that idea. His next was more happy. He would expose his own

profession. He *knew* something about that, too, and he felt sure the public would believe all he said. He knew that there were certain dark rumors abroad about college professors, and that the public thought it about time they were investigated.

The more the Professor had thought of it, the more he had recognized in the subject the elements of popularity. The public would not only believe, but take pleasure in believing. For most people were busy and practical, and the college professor was looked upon as an impractical idler; busy people would therefore read and enjoy. Then again, most people were poor, and looked upon the college professor as rich; poor people would therefore regard his downfall with pleasure. Between the two, the public would be enthusiastic in its appreciation. No magazine editor could fail to recognize the fact. The overcoat was as good as paid for. The Professor had drawn up his chair, taken out his pen—or rather, he had rolled up his sleeves,

seized the Rake, and set to. Hence his perspiration and fatigue when we first caught sight of him.

But it was not merely fatigue which had given the Professor pause. The thought of his confrères had suddenly struck him. They were a part of the public, too. It seemed a mean thing to do—thus to take advantage of a class of men who, even if they were useless, had at least never done serious harm. But the Professor brushed the objection aside; he knew that no college professor had ever been known to take another college professor seriously, and he knew he would be forgiven, even if his motive in writing were not instantly understood, as he had no doubt it would be. So he went on with his Raking.

Of course, the first thing he turned up was Graft—Graft that rode on the posting winds, and did belie all corners of the world. He knew it would be when he began; or at least he knew that he could afford to stop for nothing else until he *had* turned it up. All *exposés* had to be based

on graft if they were to be readable. The righteous hated to see the wicked prosper, and were always delighted to see him brought low. Didn't the Professor himself know of colleagues of his who wrote textbooks, and got a royalty of at least twenty-five or thirty dollars a year for several years? and didn't they recommend their own textbooks to their students, and sometimes even prescribe their use? Didn't he know of others who wrote popular articles for magazines, and added sometimes as much as fifty or seventy-five dollars to their year's salary? Weren't there scientists on the faculty who turned their skill to account by service outside the college? Hadn't he himself once earned ten dollars by tutoring during the college year? Didn't some professors marry fortunes? and didn't they sometimes make money by real estate transactions? Most tolerable and not to be endured! saith Dogberry.

To be sure, the Professor himself knew that all these activities (including the marrying) were so many contributions toward the equipment of

the efficient teacher, and that those who did not engage in them (again including the marrying) rarely proved in the end either agreeable or desirable members of a faculty. He knew, too, that the time consumed in these achievements was taken from what was left after a reasonably long daily service during regular term work, and that whole vacations were gladly sacrificed to them.

But the public wouldn't think of that. And besides, there ought to be nothing earthy about the profession of teaching: college professors ought to be every bit as much above suspicion as Cæsar's wife herself. Surely it was sordid and unseemly for them to be concerned about their salaries, or to complain about the time required by their duties, or to put their knowledge to any use whatsoever outside the college walls, or profit by any sort of commercial transaction. They ought not only not to follow that which was evil, but also to abstain from all appearance of evil.

Even in the matter of marrying, how were

students to know that it was affection and not money which lay at the root of certain cases of professorial matrimony? To the unmarried and widows, therefore, it ought to be said that it were better for them to remain even as they were than to give even the slightest ground for misunderstanding. And as for real estate, if the truth could be known, doubtless many a ruined gambler in stocks could trace the beginning of his downward career to the successful real estate transaction of one of his college professors. Of course, no one had ever heard of a professor's making very much: but it was not the amount concerned; it was the principle involved.

As to the time spent by college professors in the discharge of their duties, the Professor recognized that there again he had a good match. Didn't everyone know that college professors taught only twelve or fifteen hours a week—an average of three hours per day for five days in the week, and for only forty weeks in the year at that? And besides, what work he did was

not real work: he never strained his muscles, never soiled his hands, and enjoyed himself all the time—and everyone knew that work of that kind was not work at all, but recreation. Nine to twelve in the forenoon—and the rest of the day for skating, golf, tennis, rowing, the theater, and parties—

> A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
> A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—

and then Saturdays and vacations, too—Oh, the professor's life were Paradise enow!

The Professor leaned on the Rake again, and laughed aloud at the droll picture of himself which he knew existed in the popular imagination. And then he thought of his full life—the forenoons taken up by recitations, conferences, and lectures, with their nervous wear and tear; the afternoons filled with preparation for the lectures of the next day, and with committee meetings; the evenings replete with the same activities; the special sessions of the faculty where for

hours he had to listen to his earnest brethren as they discussed the athletic situation; the Saturdays and vacations when he raced with Time in the effort to accomplish the tasks for which, by dint of tyranny over himself through the week and the term, he had reserved those periods; the rare occasions when he spent an evening at the theater, or even with his family, or anywhere except in his study or at some learned club meeting where, under the name of diversion, he and his fellows met to hear each other read fascinating stories about "The nature and origin of binucleated cells in some basidiomycetes," or "The development of the primary uredospore," or "Bucolic diæresis," or "Medea's marriage problem"; the permeation of his mealtimes, his recreation, his very sleep, by his all-absorbing work. Home, the usual refuge of the business or professional man, afforded him no protection against the cares of his calling—for his home was office, laboratory, and consulting-room to him. The social law of the community—not to

talk Shop—afforded him some little surcease, or would have done, had it been impartially administered; but even then it could not do away with *thinking* shop.

For men who worked with their muscles, the day's labor was over when the whistle blew. Office workers, and clerks in general, had certain hours beyond which their obligation to their employers did not extend. But a professor was supposed to sit up all night to get his examination papers corrected on time, or to insure his class a lecture according to schedule, and was expected to be accessible at all times of the day, and all days in the week. He was clearly to be classed with mothers, farmers, and others whose work was never done.

Of course, he enjoyed his work, and when he saw others looking upon their tasks as drudgery, he often felt guilty at the thought of the satisfaction life afforded him, and almost wished his own calling were less pleasant. Being a professor of ancient languages, he was so far medieval as

to consider the advisability of scourging himself to quiet his conscience. He was even ashamed of not regarding his lot as poverty. In the end, however, he couldn't see why he was to be blamed simply because he was happy and contented; so he gave up the idea of the scourge.

On the whole, the Professor came to the conclusion that it would hardly be fitting to attack the college professor either on the ground of graft or because he couldn't render a satisfactory account of his time. His scholarly conscience insisted that there be something more than mere semblance of truth underlying his attack.

But that was not a real obstacle, after all; there were plenty of other grounds for exposing him which were juster and more substantial. He would attack him for encouraging aristocratic ideals. Popular report had it, he knew, that college professors were not democratic. Didn't they wear good clothes all the time, associate with rich people, cultivate a taste for art and literature, avoid common saloons and musical

comedies (the Professor was not quite sure of this last), and in general separate themselves from the crowd and assume the I-am-holier-than-thou attitude? Didn't many of them belong to exclusive secret societies, and didn't the faculty in his own institution tolerate fraternities and sororities, and even encourage them? Hadn't one of his colleagues expressed himself to the effect that "if democracy meant muckerdom, it would be better to get on without it"? Here was a fine state of affairs, indeed! And in a state institution, too!

But the Professor's inner self objected—that conscience of his that was always getting in the way of his schemes for making money. He knew that good clothes and cultivated tastes and decent social ties did not of necessity mean aristocracy, any more than democracy meant muckerdom.

And besides, he wasn't telling the truth. The college professor *didn't* separate himself from the crowd. He might not attend fourth-class plays and patronize saloons, but he sometimes

went to the Palmengarten or the Rathskeller, he ran for alderman and got onto committees which had to do with the sprinkling of the streets and the disposal of garbage; and when you met him on the street away from home you couldn't distinguish him from a doctor, or a traveling man, or a merchant, either by his language or his manner; and as for his dress, there were good reasons why that should not be better than the ordinary.

The Professor had to concede to his conscience that the aristocratic college professor was almost a myth. In his own institution he was sure that democracy had all her due. There it was impossible for a stranger to distinguish between students and professors, except when the latter were greybearded or exceptionally bald. In the case of the younger professors there were almost no marks of identification—certainly none that depended on dignity, or on arbitrary claims for respect. The professors had come down, so to speak, and the students had come up—or perhaps

the students, through frequent expression of democratic sentiment in the press, had intimidated the professors. At any rate, when you saw a nice-looking young man enjoying a cigarette on the campus, or flirting with a co-ed at a football game, you couldn't be absolutely certain that it wasn't a young and precocious member of the faculty.

The Professor had grown fairly accustomed and almost reconciled to even the extreme manifestations of college democracy. It no longer disturbed him when a student who had come into his office for an interview perched himself naïvely and nonchalantly upon the table, chewing gum and swinging his legs, as he surveyed and made suggestions on the Professor's surroundings. He had long since ceased to regard his own advice as worth anything to speak of, or his own position or person as calling for any special manifestation of respect. He was even prepared to be called by his Christian name, or his nickname—which, after all, was preferable to the "Say!" with

which co-educational students invariably addressed him. He had again and again helped vote the privilege of an audience before the faculty to students who had been dismissed for drunkenness, or cheating, or other democratic acts subversive of college discipline. He had again and again seen the entrance requirements made more simple, and the requirements for graduation cheapened, and was sure that any aristocratic inclination of the faculty to think that, by reason of years and experience, they were competent to direct students in the selection of studies had been thoroughly displaced by the democratic way of allowing every individual to judge for himself. One subject was as good as another, and one man was as good as another—and a grate dale betther, bedad, as Thackeray's Irish philosopher said.

The Professor's great doubt now was getting to be as to whether he might not better resign and go to school to the younger generation. He himself had arrived at something like an intelli-

gent understanding of education and its purposes by the time he had been out of college ten years; but it was different now. The last number of the *Graduate Magazine* had contained an editorial addressed to the faculty, president, regents, legislature, and people of the state, nation, and world in general, written by a young man of twenty-two, one year out of college, and settling the whole educational question in all its phases at one stroke. The general tenor of the article had been to the effect that faculties didn't see things in their true light, and were in the way of progress; and the Professor didn't know but its author was right.

So he couldn't expose his colleagues for lack of democracy. If to care nothing for incense, and to have no particular convictions as to their own value, were democracy, then were they the most democratic souls alive. Here was another line of attack closed to him. Was it possible that he would suffer from dearth of material, after all his confidence?

He wondered whether he couldn't make capital out of the once well known impractical ways of the college professor. The idea wouldn't bear the test, however; the Professor saw that very soon. What was the use of trying to convince people of the unbusinesslike, unmethodical, and impractical character of a man who supported a household of six or eight members on fifteen hundred a year, clothing and educating them so that they moved in the same circles of society with the sons and daughters of those whose incomes were tenfold that amount? No, the college professor was neither unbusinesslike nor behind the times; his laboratory was full of the best and most approved appliances, and his department of the library displayed all the latest publications; he employed the stereopticon in his classroom; in a hundred ways he used the money of the state or trustees, and showed as much ingenuity in being expensive as the most facile of their servants in any other field of activity.

And college professors were vital in their work, too—no one was more so. Hadn't one of the Professor's colleagues given the world a milk-test? Hadn't another discovered a good way to thaw out frozen pipes in the dead of winter? Wasn't another just about to give humanity a new form of soda biscuit? Why multiply instances? Were there not college professors now for the teaching of every practical thing under the sun—from the care and feeding of babies to the construction of a steam engine? In the Professor's childhood, if a boy didn't know beans from peas, people wondered what kind of parents he had; but now, if he made a similar mistake, or conceived that beefsteak grew on trees or was dug out of the ground, his ignorance was made the basis of a charge against the schools. The educational system felt such reproof keenly, and was sensitively (no, not a misprint for *sensibly*) doing its best to evolve a remedy.

Of course, it goes without saying that the Professor was too modest to claim any such

glory for himself and his colleagues in the academic department. Their aims were not practical. All they were doing was to send out into the society of the state cultivated ladies and gentlemen, and everyone knew that nothing could be more impractical or have less to do with life. But then, they were not representative, and so that fact had no bearing on the Professor's present attempt. When people spoke of college professors now, they meant men and women who made things and did things.

It was discouraging. The Professor was by this time thoroughly alarmed at his repeated failures to get his brethren on the hip. It began to look dark for his tailor—or rather, for the ready-made-clothing man.

But there remained the college professor's reputation for general instability of character: he might assail that, and he felt sure that his efforts would be applauded. He would expose the college professor's flippancy, insincerity, and general lack of seriousness. He had once received a

visit from a relative who belonged to the general public and reflected its views, and he still remembered the indignant outburst with which, after a walk through the streets and about the campus, the said relative had given vent to his conclusions: "Why can't the fools dress, talk, and act like sensible people!"

This was the result of his observation of students, of course; but from whom did students copy all the vices and none of the virtues, if not from their professors? Afterward, at dinner with a dozen of the Professor's friends, his relative's experience had been no less unsatisfactory: he had sat in mystified and angry silence, unable to take the least part in the medley of wit, satire, sarcasm, iconoclasm, badinage, and picturesque circumlocution which formed the conversation. It would not have been an exaggeration to say that not a serious word was uttered during the whole hour. The Professor's friend was horrified. To think that the education of the youth of the land was in the hands of such men!

He left town with the firm conviction that college life was a menace to the nation.

Yes, college professors were altogether too trivial, and deserved to be exposed without mercy. They joked about things sacred and things profane, about life and about death, about their own subjects of instruction. They forbade serious conversation at table and on social occasions, jested in their lectures, and giggled in their chapel discourses. Nothing escaped the shafts of their wit. They had been known to jest about their very salaries.

And this wasn't the worst. The Professor surmised that many of them looked upon education itself as a huge joke. At least they had something less than perfect faith in each other; else why did they invariably send their sons and daughters elsewhere to college? He was inclined to regard as a subterfuge the statement that they wished to secure for them the benefits of college life away from home. He had read somewhere that, as early as the elder Scipio's time, it had

been regarded as quite a witticism to express surprise that two priests could refrain from laughing when they met each other on the street, and he thought that the same time-honored joke might well be applied to college professors.

The Professor reflected, however, that not all of his confrères possessed the same sense of humor. No—and he thought of it with a kind of dread—there were those of the other variety, who ponderously plowed through life in solemn seriousness, took everything literally, and never showed their teeth by way of smile, though Nestor swore the jest were laughable. And strange to say, it was not in the midst of lighter surroundings that they showed most clearly their deficiency. It was while they were at the serious business of life that they made it apparent, in a thousand ways, that humor was a sealed book to them—in their exaggerated ideas of the importance of their specialties, in their insistence upon the necessity of certain subjects for success in this or that career; in their conscientious and

laborious presentation of irrelevant and immaterial data before young people who knew better than their instructors that stuff like that wasn't what made courses valuable; in their assumption that these same young people saw things as they did, or indeed got any very great benefit from any course; in their unquestioning faith in details in general; in the earnestness with which they debated the unessential in faculty meeting; in their long and unsmiling conferences with equally unsmiling students who were seriously attempting to map out work for the whole four years at one sitting; in their writing and reading of learned papers (and especially the reading, for there was where the matter affected the Professor); in a word, in their sublime unconsciousness of the part they were playing in the *Comédie Humaine.*

The Professor knew well enough that his friend in the department of education believed that he was contributing momentously to the solution of the educational questions of the age—

but the Professor himself was convinced that the same things had been said annually, or oftener, since the foundation of the republic. Only the day before, in an old file of a New England newspaper, he had read that "the amount of nonsense uttered regarding the subject of education during the past twenty-five years was greater than that uttered on all other subjects put together." The file was dated 1825, and the Professor was moved to smiles at the thought of the immense proportions which the sum-total must have assumed by this time.

And here were educators still discussing, still changing methods, and still thinking that they were doing and thinking new things, while for the most part they were merely pouring old wine into new bottles. Change was succeeding change so rapidly that the Professor could no longer keep track of his children's progress at school, and had almost been intimidated into giving up all attempt to contribute to their education himself. Sometimes, indeed, he suspected that they

were not really being educated. The whole matter recalled to his mind Lowell's

> Change jes' for change, is like them big hotels
> Where they shift plates, an' let ye live on smells.

And then, there was his classical friend. The Professor knew that he really believed that his forthcoming publication on the number of *et*'s in Tacitus as compared with the number of *καί*s in Thucydides was going to be widely read and far-reaching in its consequences, while the Professor himself knew well enough that it, together with ten thousand other articles of like nature which were being corrupted by moth and rust on the library shelves of the country (he regretted that thieves could not get at them, too), was only a contribution to the world's unread and unreadable literature of humor. It made the Professor think of the Gnat on the Bull's horn, who asked the big beast whether he wasn't sorry to have him go away, and who felt hurt when his bovine friend replied that he hadn't known he was there.

The Professor saw that this was about the case with his friend's publication, but that his friend never suspected it in the least. Divers scientific friends were cast in the same solemn mold. One of them was dyspeptic, and always carried graham bread in his pocket when he went out to dine; and on one occasion, at an afternoon function, when his hostess asked him if he'd take the regulation cup of tea, he had said no, thank you, he preferred a little hot milk. Another friend, in the Romance department, had been overheard giving instructions to a blue-eyed freshman girl about a topic which she was to write: "Now, you go to the library, procure admission to the departmental stacks, and consult Bréal's *Mélanges* on the subject of Semasiology." She had vanished, with an air of stupefaction which was not feigned; but soon appeared in the doorway again, and timidly, with many blushes, said: "Say, how duh yuh spell ut?" The gentleman informed her, with all the gravity which should belong to a good semasiologist.

So that if some professors seemed too flippant, it was equally apparent that there were others who were too serious for genuine usefulness. The Professor saw that they couldn't all be reduced to one type and attacked as a unit, after all. It might indeed be that both extremes needed to be exposed; but supposing that the evil (as is, of course, usual with exposed evils) were corrected as a result, what was to become of education? Perfectly well balanced and practical men who knew how to set just values on their services and upon the rewards of life did not become college professors; or, if they did, remained such only a short time. It wouldn't do to wreck the colleges and universities of the land.

The event was that the Professor was forced to give up his plan of exposing college professors. He could discover only one fault in them—a slight tendency to uncertainty of balance—and he remembered often having heard that this was a quality inseparable from genius itself. The college professor was clean, honest, decent, mod-

ern, practical, vital, and democratic—a proper man as one should see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man. Therefore he must needs be let alone.

So the Professor picked up the Rake and started for the tool-shed to hang it up. He was melancholy because of his failure, and moved slowly; and when he was halfway, he came to a standstill, in a brown study. Yes, the college professor was all very proper, and stood the test; that was very apparent. . . . But wasn't that just what was the matter with him? The Professor couldn't reconcile himself to the conclusion that there wasn't *something* wrong with him. His intuition told him there was. Here was a new train of thought. He would pursue it. . . . And then, there was the coat. He shouldered the Rake again, and retraced his steps.

Yes, he had found the joint in their armor, after all: they were altogether *too* free from objection. They were *too* modern, and *too* much like other people. Where was the bald-headed,

spectacled, absent-minded old gentleman who had afforded mankind so much amusement for generations? What was to become of the world without the college professor to laugh at? Had the ancient professor who couldn't recognize his own children out of their proper surroundings become a myth? or the one who tied a string around his finger to insure Mrs. Professor against his tricky memory, and then consumed himself in vain attempts to recall the reason for the string? or the one who shoveled potatoes into a bottomless basket, lifted it up, carried it away, poured out its emptiness, and returned to repeat the operation, without once waking up to reality? or the one who went upstairs to get a book, forgot on the way, and had to go back to his exact original position in order to get straight again? Was the world left to the comic stage and the comic papers alone for its laughter?

The Professor feared it was. He looked about him, and saw only a few of the old type left—and they would soon be gone. In their places

were growing up, had grown up, in fact, a new generation—young men of infallible memory and irreproachable method, with vital subjects and practical aims, vigorous, aggressive, unsentimental—and not in the least old-fashioned.

Not old-fashioned. The Professor thought of the old fashion. He remembered the old fashion very well. Years back he had been in college under men of the old fashion, and his heart reached out to them at the recollection. That had been in the day when there was a small faculty and few students, before the college had become a vast machine with professors at the lever; when professors not only instructed but loved their students, and when students not only submitted to, but reverenced, their professors; before it had become the fashion to go to college for social prestige, and when it could safely be assumed that a man's presence there signified ambition of the highest type; before students avoided being seen with their professors for fear of the charge of bootlicking; before humor be-

came an end instead of a mean; before the absolute reign of the specialist, the rise of the graduate school, and the mania for publication.

The Professor had, indeed, taken some of his courses under specialists, but those were not the teachers he remembered. Those who had won a place in his memory, and in his affection, were of the old-fashioned type—professors of the classics, who perhaps knew very little about the sources of Dictys Cretensis, but who were so magnetically full of Homer, and Virgil, and Horace, and Sophocles, and who were such fine specimens of nobility of character, that a course under them was full of an intellectual and moral inspiration whose warmth never entirely spent itself. They knew their English literature, too, and could teach it. Perhaps they were innocent of appreciating the importance of the influence of the Theban Cycle on Celtic legend, but they were so filled with the spirit of Milton and Shakespeare that their classroom instruction in Greek and Latin did almost as much for the stu-

dent's knowledge of English literature as for his familiarity with the classics: you could hear a pin drop when they began to quote the passages they loved.

They could have taught mathematics, too, if necessary, or history—or possibly a science or two. Of course they didn't know all that vast array of obscure and for the most part insignificant and unessential facts—

> As thick and numberless
> As the gay motes that people the sunbeams—

which form the penumbra of knowledge about a subject, and the possession of which seemed to the Professor to be the most marked distinction between the specialist and the old type of scholar; but they knew the nucleus, and it never occurred to their students to doubt for a single moment their infallibility. The Professor remembered a course of mathematics which he had taken under a man whose real field was literature—a sovereign Alchemist that in a trice transmuted the

leaden metal of sines and cosines into Gold. They were men rich in wisdom and culture, as well as masters of mere facts.

Nor were they lacking in sound scholarship, in spite of their breadth of interest. They even published—not in their early youth: that was the great difference between them and the generation of specialists—but after their powers had ripened, and in the fulness of time, when they had something to say which was well matured and worth while.

They were men with peculiarities of manner, of course. One always laid his forefinger alongside his nose and cocked one eye while emphasizing some favorite precept. Another pawed the air as he spoke. Another groaned between phrases, and even words. Another had a way of tilting his head back and half closing his fine old eyes as he repeated favorite passages—

> Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
> Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
> And then the moon, like to a silver bow
> New-bent in heaven—

The Professor felt it all again. The results of the inspiration that had lifted his soul as he listened to old Uncle Johnny were among his dearest possessions in life.

Many was the laugh, too, which they inspired, and many the jokes about them which were current, became traditional, and served for the delight of succeeding generations of students. Many were the tricks—disrespectful only in seeming—which were played upon them, and which were appreciated, too; for they were men of real humor—not the kind which flared up noisily like the crackling of thorns, but the genial and gentle sort, like afternoon sunshine in the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness.

They had not only their peculiarities of manner, but most of them had their pet phrases, or their pet details of instruction. It paid you to know all about *quamquam* when it came to examination under the professor of Latin—Old Quamquam they had called him, and when his

sixth son first saw the light he was promptly distinguished as Little Quidquid. The Greek professor was Old Zeus, and the professor of Astronomy was always referred to as Twinkle. You could judge the degree of affection felt for a professor by the aptness of his nickname and the frequency of its employment.

And they were men of broad outlook and reliable judgment, even if they didn't stray far from their own vine and fig-tree. In those days you could plan your course without running for consultation to ten different men representing ten different subjects—or, perhaps, only ten different phases of the same subject—and then withdrawing to your room, notes and schedules in hand, to become distracted in the attempt to get a point of view by reconciling or balancing the opposing forces; your white-haired old professor, who had never heard of a system of "advisers," would set you right out of the abundant depths and breadths of his experience, and you would accept his solution with gratitude and implicit con-

fidence. You hadn't learned yet that young America was wiser than all the graybeards in Israel.

They were men of soul and conscience, too. They may have been somewhat apart from the world—but then, they were not aware that college professors ought not to contribute to a moral aristocracy, and didn't realize as they should have done that it wasn't exactly the kind and neighborly thing to be better than your fellows. They ignorantly supposed that it devolved upon them to hold up before their youthful student community examples of moral as well as intellectual excellence, and so did not hesitate on occasion to wander beyond the limits of their subjects to emphasize the moral bearing of certain intellectual truths which lay along the way. They seemed to feel the burden of responsibility, too, as if they were really *in loco parentis;* they indulged in no amusements, however innocent to them, as to whose moral influence the public entertained any degree of doubt.

Of course they were wrong; any doctor of philosophy could tell you that. The principle of measuring the virtue or vice of an act by anything else than its effect upon themselves was, of course, essentially false—but then they were laboring under the stern delusion that it was their duty to eat no meat while the world stood if they were thereby to make their sons to offend. They had not yet been introduced to the theory that academic conduct and instruction should be absolutely untrammeled, and that truth could be trusted to take care of itself, no matter into what receptacle you poured it.

Best of all, they were individual. They were not like each other, nor like anyone else. They were not educational machinists, nor were they the products of educational machines. Their students were not surrendered to the mercies of a long printed list of automatic rules whose mere interpretation necessitated the services of a legal mind; their courses were not perfect examples of the lock-step, with lectures, quizzes, outlines,

syllabi, notes, bibliographies, collateral readings (one hundred and fifty students required to read a certain chapter in a work of which at most two copies existed in the library, all within a week), topics, conferences, exhortations, threats, conditions, excommunications, indulgences, and absolutions.

Some students proved recreant, it was true; but the Professor couldn't see that the lock-step method had greatly decreased the percentage: surely in vain the net was spread in the sight of any bird. The best students had their best brought out, and bore the stamp of individuality rather than the factory mark of a great system. He was very much inclined to think that the lock-step of the present kept students so busy taking notes of what others said and wrote that their powers of independent thinking were atrophied.

The Professor was perspiring again now, and had to stop and rest. He surveyed his work with great satisfaction, and felt encouraged. It

looked as if something were really going to come of it.

But with the decrease of his bodily temperature, as he rested and reflected, came also a cooling of enthusiasm. However great the faith he had in the justice of his arraignment of college professors, he knew that he would get into trouble with them if he let the world into his confidence as he had planned to do. They might take no notice of a variety of other charges, but their conceit would be touched to the quick by the least insinuation that their thoroughly modern and up-to-date system was not infallible. They would tell him that he was idealizing an ancient past, that neither the present was so faulty nor the past so efficient as he liked to suppose, that present-day methods were a necessity, and that anyone who knew anything about history or evolution could see it (the Professor was always floored by the evolution argument, which his friends frequently made use of to prove that whatever was [if they liked it] was right), that

he was in his dotage, or (what in their minds was the most crushing charge of all) that he was "'way behind the times."

But worst of all was the fact that there was a traitor in the Professor's own camp. He wasn't quite sure in his own mind that his friends were not right, and that he was *not* idealizing the good old times—after the way of universal mankind. Perhaps everything that was *was* right. At any rate, he saw that his logic wasn't sufficient to prove that it wasn't, though he was quite as sure that his friends could not prove that it was; and he wasn't going to embitter life and waste valuable time by unduly provoking them—not even for the sake of paying his debts—which was a minor consideration, after all.

This time the Professor hung up the Rake to stay, convinced that, at least as far as the present attempt was concerned, he was disqualified from being a successful Raker because he knew too much about the subject.

CHAPTER VI

THE PROFESSOR RECANTS

ALL the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. Perhaps that the words of the myriad-minded poet might be fulfilled, the Professor himself had been guilty of a little acting.

Not on the real stage, of course. No, he had been guilty of representation more serious by far than this: he had acted a part on the literary stage, with results that proved both surprising and disconcerting. Literary dramatics *are* something less than certain; for there the audience has no play-bill, and your player is often believed to mean not only what he says, but a great deal more—or a great deal less; or the illusion he is trying to create does not succeed at all, and what he thinks he is making to resemble a cloud

appears to the eye of the spectator as very like a camel, or a weasel.

The Professor had not intended to deceive any living soul. He had made up before the literary footlights, just once, as a teacher of English literature, supposing that no one would fail to see through his thin disguise. That was to be the humor of it: it might be mildly amusing for readers to detect the ass in the lion's skin; for the Professor *was* a classicist, and a teacher of Latin, and did not usually disguise his identity.

But the illusion had seemingly been complete, at least outside the circle of his acquaintance, and he had been writ down, not an ass, but a lion. After one or two appearances, certain of the multitude began to inquire who the professor of English was who wrote those queer things about mud and nails and salaries. The tangled web of deception could have been no greater if he had really practised to deceive.

He indeed soon came to understand why it had been taken for granted he was not a clas-

sicist: a letter from a hitherto unknown classical colleague had let him into that secret. "It really seems so strange for any of us classical people to be doing anything of this kind," wrote the gentleman, "that I pinched myself to be sure I was awake."

But if the Professor found his readers blameless in this respect, he could not so readily absolve them from the guilt of having been too easily deluded into thinking him a professor of English literature. If he had really wanted them to believe that, he would not have gone about it by manifesting a familiarity with Milton, Shakespeare, and the Bible. That might in the long ago have been the sign by which professors of English literature were known, but not now. No, he would have dropped a few hints on the Celtic question—just enough to make it appear that he had read the majority of the 4,000 dissertations on the subject—and scattered through his pages a few references to the sources of Beowulf and the commentaries of Saxo-Gram-

maticus, and let it be known that his main interest and his real mission as a scholar was the determination of the number and size of the knotholes in the stage of the Restoration, and a solution of the question as to whether their distribution was the result of nature pure and simple, or of rules of dramatic art formulated by Aristophanes, put into practice by Menander, and transmitted by Terence.

But this unintentional delusion of the public, though regrettable enough because it defeated his humorous intent, was not the very head and front of the Professor's offense. He had deceived his readers in general, and his fellow professors in particular, in a more serious way.

Here again, he had really intended nothing but a little mild humor; but he felt guilty, nevertheless, and the sting of conscience was lessened only by the reflection that he had but allowed, not actually compelled, them to be deceived. After all, they ought to have known better than to take a professor's word for anything outside

the domain of scholarship, especially if it involved the practical. Let them look to him for information on the comparative frequency of the letter S under Cæsar and Septimius Severus, but when it came to *common* sense, let them go to a professor of mathematics, or economics, or history, or someone else who was accustomed to deal with hard facts.

What the Professor had really done was to make up before his audience as a hard-working teacher with a large family of small children, engaged in a desperate struggle to keep the wolf from the door. His literary disguise had been merely incidental.

In other words, he had been publishing a few thoughts on the subject of salaries, and, without really intending it, had proven to the satisfaction of all members of the teaching profession that they were pitifully inadequate and unjust—the salaries, of course—and that they ought to be made to meet the requirements of the calling. Again I mean the salaries. It had been no part

of his purpose to convince his fellow professors of what he felt sure they had no need to be told, or to confirm them in the conviction that they were in a bad way. He had merely wished to laugh them into good-humored endurance of their lot, or perhaps into a belief that their lot was not so bad, after all. If anyone at all was to take him seriously, he wished it might have been the lay public, especially legislators, trustees, regents, and beneficent billionaires.

But his dramatics had suffered no such fortunate accident as that; if regents and billionaires had been convinced, they had at least done nothing rash in the enthusiasm of conviction, but had wisely kept them in the rear of their affection, out of the shot and danger of desire. And as for the general public, if it had drawn any conclusion at all, it was to the effect that college professors as a class, and the Professor in particular, were a threadbare and squalid sort of people, who were much to be pitied because they hadn't chosen a lucrative occupation.

On the contrary, by his little act of deception he had been guilty of affecting those only whom he did not wish to take him seriously. His impersonation of the poverty-pinched professor had left in its train a measure of discontent among at least some of his colleagues.

For example, one had written him in a strain of mournful congratulation saying that his depiction was all too true, but that he supposed nothing could be done about it—

Durum, sed levius fit patientia!

Another regretted that he had not chosen a different profession, and expressed his conviction that if the Professor were really possessed of the red blood and vigor indicated by his publications, and were still young, he could easily find some occupation in which he might enjoy real authority and get an adequate salary.

As his correspondent was not specific, the Professor was left to the dark of conjecture. He thought over all the powerful and salaried men

of his acquaintance: brokers, lawyers, promoters, politicians, plumbers, railway conductors, and football coaches. He didn't really envy any one of them but the last, who surely had both salary and power in the superlative degree, and it was impossible for the Professor to adopt *his* calling for the reason that his own faith in athletics was impaired by the insane and inconvenient belief that the main purpose of universities and colleges was intellectual—"the dissimulation of knowledge," as one of his co-educational students wrote.

Still another had written the Professor that it seemed to him that "anyone who could write so pithy and racy an article on so dry a subject as The College Professor would do well to leave his Latin to the dead, and devote himself to literary work—success in that line of effort meaning good clothes to cremate." This had caused the Professor to smile for weeks. For the pithy and racy article referred to, he had received thirty-eight cents per page, taken out in reprints.

The Professor saw now that his policy had been wrong; he ought to have spoken unequivocally, and not to have jested on a serious subject; he ought to have compared men in his own calling with masons and drainmen rather than with bankers and literary celebrities; and he ought to have been the spokesman, not of that part of his brethren who were really poor, but of those who were rich. His guilt was indeed great. The winter of discontent was already long enough—and what malefactor to be compared with him who lengthened or deepened it by ever so little!

For there really *were* college professors who were rich, and chief among them was the Professor himself. There! don't get the idea that he had married an heiress or a vaudeville queen, or that his investments in Central American Rubber and Melanesian Mining Stock had actually yielded the results promised by his faculty friend who was agent for them, or that his shares in the Microtelophonoscope Project had brought

forth an hundredfold, or that his savings had accumulated until he had a fortune. He had long since been calculating the matter of savings, and with the aid of his friend the professor of advanced calculus had arrived at the conclusion that if he persevered in laying by at the present rate until he was eighty-two he would have enough to support himself and his family for a period of a year and three months.

And as to the other projects—well, ask the first professor you meet how they turned out. Everyone knows about them, except the impractical, old-fashioned, and criminally negligent few who cannot be brought to take advantage of golden opportunities to do business in a large way.

No, the Professor had no more money than most professors have. He was just as poor as most of them are. And yet he was not poor. I know you will find it hard to believe me, but you must learn not to judge a man's income merely by his salary. If the Professor's income

had been nothing but the salary he received, he would have been in real truth as poor as he was supposed to be by his rich friends. But the fact was that, though very few of the general public realized it, and not a great many of his colleagues, he was in comparative affluence. He had revenues invisible, as well as those that could be seen of men.

I see your covert smile. The very moment I mentioned revenues invisible, you began to think of Graft, and you have been thinking ever since of the sale of syllabuses and text-books to students at extortionate prices, or of secret and treacherous understandings with travel bureaus, book concerns, life insurance companies, and all the various promoters who manifest benevolent solicitude for the welfare of college professors, and who are willing to pay for the privilege of doing them good.

Well, let us confess that there were certain benefits which came to the Professor along with his occupation. But let us not call them by so

harsh a name as graft. Graft involves at least the pretense of secrecy, and sometimes a measure of opprobrium if it becomes known; but the Professor had no secrets; he told everyone of his transactions, students and legislators included—and they were so far from imputing it to him a fault that all without exception greeted his revelations with the same mild smile of indulgence. His ideas as to the nature of wealth were really amusing.

No, graft wasn't the name for it. Graft that is neither secret nor profitable never gets before the grand jury, never arouses resentment or envy, and never affords the state's attorney opportunity to rise in the political scale, and is not graft at all. Let us rather call the Professor's bonanza by the mild name of Perquisites. There is a difference between the two: we say Perquisites when you take what is expressly allowed you; Graft when you take everything not expressly forbidden, and as much of what *is* forbidden as you are reasonably sure will not be missed.

A professor with Perquisites? Certainly. For example, professors are by common consent allowed the covers and unused leaves of their students' examination books: a Perquisite of no mean value to a professor who engages in literary activity, or conducts an extensive correspondence, or has a half-dozen children in the grades.

This Perquisite the Professor enjoyed. It was not very great in comparison with those enjoyed by many of his colleagues, it is true. He sometimes envied the professors of engineering and geology, who had long pleasure trips with their students to shops and mines, and came back with nuggets of real gold; or the professor of domestic science, who was reputed to have prior claim to the product of the experimental cuisine; or the professor of chemistry, who as analyst for the pure food commission was entitled to the partially despoiled packages of food and medicine and bottled goods of various kinds which lay strewn in the wake of his activities. What opportunities for a professor with six children

and the expensive tastes of a sometime student in a European university!

When he read of the fines resulting from analyses, however, and reflected that the art of cooking—from observation and hearsay the Professor had become convinced that, as taught in college, it *was* an art rather than a science—was still in its infancy, he reconciled himself to his lot. After all, it was just as well to pay the baker more, and economize on the doctor—and to make a virtue of necessity in the case of the bottles. That kind of virtue, he knew, was not of the highest quality, but a college professor couldn't afford to be too particular.

And besides (here we are coming to something at last), the Professor had his own peculiar Perquisite—one which was immeasurably more valuable than those of all the rest put together. It was this which constituted the vast income of which I have spoken.

What was it? Simply this: he was entitled to the interest on the funds which he handled

in his profession. Of course I don't mean funds in actual money. The state would never have intrusted the keeping of such possessions as that even to a professor in the school of economics or commerce, to say nothing of a professor of ancient classics. Let their subjects be never so practical, you couldn't get the public to dissociate professors from the impractical. The children of the world are wiser than the children of light. You may hear a chiropodist, or a slight-of-hand performer, or a chimney-sweep, or a snake-swallower, called a professor, but who ever heard of the name being applied to a banker, or a broker, or a captain of industry?

But there are funds which are not financial, and there are treasure houses other than banks. Wise and beautiful thoughts, stored in the treasure houses of literature and the arts, also constitute wealth. The Golden Treasury is no mere figure of speech. Literary riches were the funds which the professor had in keeping. The banks of ancient Rome and Athens contained his prin-

cipal trusts, but he had extensive deposits in many other banks as well; and his duty was the administration of them all in the interest of the sons and daughters of the commonwealth.

Now that you know the nature of the Professor's trust, you will be better able to understand his good fortune. His first great Perquisite was the pleasure of handling it. His administrative duties gave him the greatest delight.

In other words, the Professor's duty was minister to his pleasure; he enjoyed his work; and since everybody knows—at least everyone who has read *Tom Sawyer*—that work which is enjoyable is not work at all, but play, it is perfectly plain that the Professor didn't have to work for a livelihood. He simply drew his salary, and went on with the fun of living. Perhaps he did not go so far as to say that he would gladly have paid for the privilege of doing what he was salaried to do (for where could he have raised the money? and no board of regents or trustees would have accepted his kind of cur-

rency); but he agreed on the whole with a faculty friend who had once said to him, under strictest oath of secrecy: "As a matter of fact, I'd do just what I am doing for a great deal less: I like it so well; but I suppose we'll have to appear dissatisfied, or they'll *never* raise us."

The Professor's philosophy told him that the object of a salary was comfort, content, satisfaction with life. If this were true, and if the nature of his duties also brought him comfort, content, and satisfaction with life, it seemed to him that it was only fair to calculate his whole income by adding together his salary *and* his satisfaction. Counting the former at $1,500, and the latter at, say, $13,500, he ascertained that his real salary amounted to $15,000—just the figure which he had often heard remarked on as appropriate for a man with five children and no very expensive tastes.

He was of course aware that to count satisfaction as a part of salary (unless you happened to be the employer) was considered very sen-

timental and unbusiness-like, or rather that it was not considered at all; and that most men chose their occupations with eye single to the currency value of their salaries, convinced that satisfaction was something that could be bought, and bought at any time.

And so the Professor was not so very much surprised when his first commencement address, entitled *The Fun of Working,* aroused more wonderment than enthusiasm; or when his sophomores smiled with wise incredulity at the end of a little sermon like this: Young men, don't choose a calling merely because report says that it pays. The problem is not to fit yourselves for the best paying profession, but to find out the profession for which nature has already fitted you. If you do this, life will be filled with pleasurable activity; if not, all your voyage will be bound in shallows and in miseries. Nothing can recompense a man for doing what he hates, or a community for the plague-spot of a discontented and grumbling citizen.

But the Professor wasn't disheartened, for he had the warrant of the inner man; and besides, he knew you couldn't tell a sophomore much about life. And he knew, too, that most sermons had a greater effect upon the preacher than upon the audience.

So much for the Professor's Perquisite in the way of pleasurable performance of duty. He sometimes felt ashamed to look his friends in the face. Though they did receive larger salaries and work fewer hours, their work was really laborious. They had need of expensive vacation trips to restore their spirits; while his main trouble was that he could not work more hours in the day, and his chief use for vacation the doing of more of his chosen work.

But the Professor's duty did more than minister to his mere pleasure. It brought him incredible profit. All the interest of the vast capital in his hands accrued to him. Nay, we may say rather that the Professor was joint heir with all the world to the capital itself. All that he

could appropriate was his own for the term of his life. And still further, it was not only his privilege to appropriate it, but he *had* to appropriate it, unless he was to prove recreant to his trust; for only by possessing it himself could he help his students to possess it.

Hence it was that the Professor had already amassed a great fortune, and hence it was that year by year he grew wealthier and wealthier. He was rich in acquaintance with the world's great scenes, and he had spent years in communion with the great spirits of all time. He "carried the keys of the world's library in his pocket." All his pleasures were made more vivid because of his familiarity with crystallized human experience in literature, all his sorrows made less keen, all his sympathies broadened, all his judgments liberalized, all his resolutions strengthened, all his aspirations heightened, all his inspirations deepened. He saw the essence of things behind their material form, and dwelt in that realm of the glorified real which men call the ideal.

Yes, some of you are saying, these things may be all right in their way, but there is nothing in them. You can't convert an aspiration into hard cash, and literature may be ever so pleasant, but you can't live on the love of it, to say nothing of supporting a growing family.

Very well, since you must be appealed to on that ground, I will go on to tell you how the Professor's love of literature really affected the size of his salary. Not that it actually increased the number of dollars he received; I only mean that it diminished his expenses—which is much the same when it comes to the question of surplus or deficit. I mean that where his friends in other occupations made a dollar satisfy one desire, he made it satisfy two.

For, besides consolation, inspiration, and joy, the Professor had another Perquisite. He had appropriated from his legacy of literature an Aladdin's lamp. It was an ancient one: Solomon had possessed it, and Horace, and both had

recommended it. It was the lamp of philosophy; not the kind of philosophy that lives insphered

In regions mild of calm and serene air,

but that mingles in the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth—philosophy of life, which differs from the other about as much as religion differs from theology, or real charity from humanitarianism, or education from pedagogy.

The Professor knew that riches depended not so much upon outward circumstances as upon the inward attitude. He knew that there was that made himself rich, and yet had nothing. He believed the Wise Man's precept that as a man thought in his heart, so was he; that the heart must be kept with all diligence, for out of it were the issues of life. So much had Solomon inscribed on the lamp. Horace had added that it was useless to increase wealth if desire was to keep pace with acquisition; that the addition of Libya to remote Gades availed nothing

to one who had not learned the secret of curbing a greedy spirit; that those who desired much also lacked much, and that it was well with him to whom God gave with sparing hand what was enough.

The Professor was old enough, and wise enough—you need both age and wisdom if you are to understand the really great lessons of life—to appreciate the truth of these (to most men) dark sayings, and sensible enough to realize it in actual practice.

Of course he saw his friends in possession of many things which he himself could have enjoyed. They had roomier houses, larger libraries than his, kept automobiles and horses and carriages, sailed yachts, wore raiment twice dyed in Tyrian purple, maintained summer residences in distant parts of the country, always had the last novel on their tables, made long journeys to the metropolis for their drama and opera, ate every fruit out of its season and treated their dyspepsia by correspondence with high-

priced quacks thousands of miles distant, employed a cook, a chambermaid, and a footman, kept a nurse for every child, never asked questions about the monthly bills, contributed heavily to rummage sales, and were not driven to bankruptcy by excessive alimony.

But the Professor saw that for him the indulgence in all or any of these things would mean thraldom, and that life would be a round of sacrifice at the shrine of the unpaid bill. And then, the real objection to that sort of life was that possession did not mean satisfaction, after all, for he had slowly learned the lesson that the final satisfaction of wants and the realization of ideals were impossible, that life was an ascending scale of desires. Happiness depended upon what one wanted, rather than on what one had. His friend with the $50,000 house had only a few days before complained of lack of space in the identical words which the Professor was wont to employ when *he* was in the mood of complaint about his house, which was anything

but a mansion, and was rented at that; and his friend's family was less numerous than his own. His neighbor with the $25 rod and reel cursed the luck in exactly the same spirit, if not in the same words (*di deæque avertant*), in which the Professor did, and by way of remedy invested in more tackle. The Professor went on fishing with his own unpretentious outfit; and when in moments of stress his Waltonian calm forsook him, and rod and reel went into the depths of the lake and joined the Seven Thousand of Yesterday, he consoled himself with the thought that their intrinsic value was now, even if it had not been before, a matter of indifference.

His neighbor with the canoe wanted a launch, his other neighbor who had a launch was consumed with longing for a yacht, and a third who had sailed a yacht for one season would hear of nothing but a house-boat. The Professor went on using his rowboat, turned a deaf ear to the siren call, well knowing that his enjoyment

would total as much as theirs, and more. Of what avail to go on satisfying desires, only to find that satisfaction begot other desires?

> Naught's had, all's spent,
> When our desire is got without content.

True, the Professor saw that if he had possessed unlimited resources and no sense of moral obligation, much experience and much vivid pleasure might have been his. He could have gone from satisfaction to satisfaction, and could even have studied to create desires in order to experience the pleasure of gratifying them, as many of his countrymen did. But it was plain enough that with such a course would come also vanity and vexation of spirit, and corruption of the real fountains of happiness. No satisfaction worthy of the name would result from it. The full soul loathed an honeycomb; but to the hungry every bitter thing was sweet. Of all persons, the most to be disliked and the most to be pitied was the blasé, the burnt-out being who found nothing

new under the sun, whose only way of breaking the dead monotony of existence was

> To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.

No, the simple life was better; as well in his own as in Juvenal's time, *voluptates commendat rarior usus.*

For example, his devotion to his old boat—*præsidio biremis scaphæ*—was rewarded by the coursing of red blood through his veins as he rowed it, and when the winds and waves, old wranglers, did their worst, he did not have to resort to prayers lest his yacht or launch add to the riches of the avaricious sea. If he was without the thrill of conscious power over the inanimate, and missed the excitement of rapid career through the waves, he enjoyed quite as much the contemplatively happy evening trips with his family and friends, the camp-fire and rude repast on the distant shore in sight of the city, and the quiet row home when night's candles were lighted in the sky. If he did not set his

table with the rarities of far-away climes, he enjoyed still more the unbought feast from the little garden whose soil he turned himself. He could not afford the luxury of cut flowers in winter, but he did not miss the prime to mark

> How sprung his plants, and how the bee
> Sat on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

If he could not go to the Georgian Bay, or to the seashore, or to lands across the ocean, he could enjoy still more than those who did so the beautiful environment in which he was placed.

For the Professor lived in a spot whose praises could be fitly sung only by a Catullus or a Horace. That little corner of earth smiled on him beyond all others. He never looked across the expanse of Mendota from Observatory Hill without thinking of Master Izaak Walton: " I tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them, as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, 'That they were too pleasant to be looked on

but only on holidays.'" Among all his Perquisites this was not far from being the greatest.

What was the need of vast variety? If the soul were kept in health, it needed no more variety of scene than the body needed variety of food if *it* were in health. Few foods were necessary, or even acceptable, to the unspoiled palate, for

> That which is not good is not delicious
> To a well-governed and wise appetite.

And in the same way there were few elements in nature which were necessary for the delight of the soul. Why Europe for a vacation? Could an exile from his own country fly from himself also? Did anyone change anything but the sky when he went to the seashore? Did not Fear and Threats sit like twin brethren on the sailyards of the yacht, and did not Black Care climb up onto the house-boat, and squeeze into the automobile, and sit on the donkey that carried the tourist up the Drachenfels?

The conclusion of the whole matter was that if he couldn't have what he liked without bowing under a great burden or losing the art of real enjoyment, he would like what he had, and let it go at that. If increase in worldly wealth meant more pleasure, it meant also more care. Better was an handful with quietness than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit. He would take the advice of Carlyle and divide the denominator of the fraction of life, instead of multiplying the numerator. If a man got meat and clothes, what mattered it whether he had £10,000, or £10,000,000, or £70 a year. He could get meat and clothes for that; and he would find very little difference intrinsically, if he were a wise man.

How charming was divine philosophy! Surely this kind of philosophy *was* the guide of life. The merchandise of it was better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. When Hygeia smiled on him—and by Hygeia the Professor meant, not dieting and

the Nogoda Method, but *mens sana in corpore sano*—he asked for nothing more than he had. *Hoc erat in votis:* he was happy in his little Sabine salary.

So you see that, after all, the Professor led a life of luxury, and was fortunate beyond others in his choice of occupation. His financial income, thanks to his philosophy, was ample for his wants; his life was filled with peace and pleasantness; his work counted at the same time for delight and for gain; he was full of the zest of anticipation and the satisfaction of realization; he was in the society of the best and the greatest who had ever existed, either in reality or in the imagination of the idealist. And all this was because of his Perquisites, of whose substantial nature men in other professions had so little appreciation that it never occurred to them to envy him. Without them, he would have been as poor as winter; with them he was as rich as Crœsus, as the saying ran in the pre-Petroleum period.

When a man takes this view of the relations between money and happiness, it is hard to starve him. You can see how it was that the Professor's little salary sufficed, and how he never got so far behind in the long vacation as not to be able to catch up by March of the following year. And you can understand why, when he sat under the Thanksgiving sermon and listened to the long enumeration of the woes of the world which was designed to make him happy by contrast, he succeeded in realizing that there were a great many classes of people who were even below *him* in the scale of wretchedness, and why he felt guilty for being so happy and prosperous, and gave away, under the stress of conviction, money that should have gone to the decent clothing of his own family. And you can understand, too, why he was conscience-stricken to think that he had unintentionally fostered the spirit of discontent in the hearts of his brethren rather than that of wise and happy acquiescence. He wished

that they were all even as he, except these bonds.

Bonds? Of course. The Professor was human, and sometimes fell short of the glory of perfect contentment. There were days when he was not *quite* convinced that a little more money wouldn't do him considerable good. Not that he wanted it for himself; he simply wanted to improve what he had learned from grave sociological friends to call his environment. In other words, the Professor was not living alone unto himself. He had various creditors, and he had a family; and neither had yet discovered as fully as he could have wished the economic phases of philosophy. Whatever his own frame of mind, he had to provide for the unphilosophic wants of his family circle. His Perquisites were not negotiable.

And then, the Professor himself, truth compels me to say, was not absolutely secure in his citadel. Hygeia was not always propitious. Sometimes his sleep was not Adamic—

aery light, from pure digestion bred—

and he was not proof against moods. At such times he rubbed Aladdin's lamp long and earnestly —and apprehensively—before the genie appeared. Of course you know that philosophy operates best when the philosopher is in a healthy frame of mind and body, and doesn't really need it—something like bargains: you are not in position to make a really good one unless you are also perfectly able to get along without it. There were times when the Professor felt that it would have been a vivid enjoyment, and one which would not have hurt him irretrievably, if he could have had a little more money than he absolutely needed. Sometimes, when both his liver and his imagination were disordered, he was dangerously near being tempted to wish that he could have about two hundred dollars—yes, two hundred and fifty, to make perfectly sure—added to his salary: just enough to make his study warm and comfortable while he was laboring on the *magnum opus* which was to confer immortal fame upon his institution,

enough to relieve him of the care and worry incident to minute economy, to increase his library, to provide against sickness and surgery in his family, to quiet his apprehensions of unseemly old age and helplessness and changes of fashion in millinery and dressmaking, and to make possible a luxury or two—a real tailor-made suit of clothes, a new fountain pen, a cook-box and a safety razor, a few dollars for tickets to the Charity Ball to quiet his conscience for not having specialized in sociology, a carriage ride for the family two or three times a year, the proper advertisement of his marriageable daughters, a trip abroad before he died, such novels of the month as were going to endure as long as the English tongue should be spoken, a pianola or a Victor phonograph——

But whither, O Muse, art thou tending? Enough, jade! Leave off referring to the pleasures of the gods!

CHAPTER VII

THE PROFESSOR TRAVELS IN THE REALMS OF GOLD

THE Professor was not really a Monarch, and of course had no hope of ever becoming one. The only crown to which men of his profession ever succeeded was that of the academic despot, and he had so often heard of the uneasiness of the head that wore it that he was glad to remain among the happy low.

But he had, nevertheless, some of the enjoyment peculiar to Monarchs, along with a great deal that was not; and as for the sorrows and vexation which accompany even the benevolent despotism, of these he had none. He was lord of vast domains, and they yielded him nothing that was not pleasure.

It is true, he had been obliged to fight for them

on his first entrance into possession; for, though he *was* Monarch by inheritance, his realms had not become his merely by reason of that fact. He had to make conquest of his own inheritance, as his father had done before him. From precept and example, and soon indeed from experience, he had learned that nothing was his own except as he set victorious foot upon it after the heat and dust of tedious campaigns:

> Was du ererbt von deinen Vätern hast,
> Erwirb es, um es zu besitzen!

But this had entailed no great hardship, except at first. The annexation of his realms had, for the most part, cost him nothing but the delight of exploration, and their permanent occupation was secured by nothing more difficult than occasional visits to them.

They were constantly increasing, too—increasing in charm, as well as in extent. New attractions were manifest at every tour of his dominions, and wider fields became his at each succeeding adventure into strange territory.

Much had he travelled in the Realms of Gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen.

He was Monarch of all he surveyed. Not that he looked like a Monarch. Not in the least. No one would ever have suspected in him a person of royal blood or power. And, as a matter of fact, he cut but a sorry figure in the council of the nations. His manner of referring to his kingdom as the Realms of Gold was amusing to the other members of the council. The Monarch of the Realms of Iron laughed at him and his pretensions, and offered him the post of Prefect in the Province of Polypecunia, and the Monarch of the Realms of Brass tendered him a Governorship in the Multiloquentic Peninsula. These were much coveted positions, they said: he would make himself a name, and acquire wealth that was really worth while, and would besides experience the satisfaction of being really useful.

But he preferred his Realms of Gold, though their extent and charm were not apprehended by the many, and their coin was not everywhere

honored at its full value. Their peaceful calm and quiet, the clearness of their skies, and the purity of their atmosphere were more to be desired than all else.

He had begun to visit and lay claim to his waiting dependencies while still only heir-apparent—almost in his infancy. From the time he had sat on the Queen Regent's knee with the old Sanders' Primer open at the page where the gentleman in the top hat was pointing to the sunrise and saying to the little boy and girl:

> The sun is up, and we are up
> too. Can you see the sun?—

even from that now far distant day he had been constantly annexing new territory, and adding to the realms which, through all his life, yielded such a revenue of delight.

Those first domains were circumscribed enough, but they seemed to him world-wide, and traveling was painful. He grew footsore and weary, and mutiny rose in his heart; he declared that he had

traveled enough, that his kingdom was sufficient as it was.

But he was bidden to rest a while, and have patience; and then the Queen Regent, his kindly guide, again pointed the way, and again he trudged on, in spite of the temptation to stop and engage forever in the unkinglike diversion of making mud pies (elementary ceramics, it came to be called in after time), or of covert experiment with forbidden tools in the woodshed (manual training was the later name for that). For the children of royalty are like other children: their main business in life is play,

> As if their whole vocation
> Were endless imitation.

And then, you understand, he was not so severely civilized by the Queen Regent as most princelings in worldly courts. He was allowed to range with great freedom over his demesne, and encouraged to mingle with his subjects. He soon began to make delightful acquaintances and

fast friends, and before long discovered that the fields he was exploring were populous with boys and girls and animals and flowers, and that even mud pies and pounding in the woodshed were not so sufficient for lifelong entertainment as he had supposed.

He met the little boy with curly hair and pleasant eye,

> A boy who always loved the truth,
> And never, never told a lie.

And Old Rover, too, he discovered. Immortal Old Rover, Idea existing only in the mind of God, and yet the familiar friend of every child; not of this world, yet more real than the real—surely

> Old Rover *was* the finest dog
> That ever ran a race!

When will Justice and her sister, incorruptible Fidelity, and unspotted Truthfulness ever find his equal—

> Quando ullum inveniet parem?

He had found Old Rover on the confines of a wide plain, and one of his later visits to his four-footed friend was memorable:—

> One day he stole his hat, and ran
> Away across the plain——

The mysterious and reposeful sense of the vastness of that plain never faded in after life from the mind of the little prince. God was in it, the same God

> That made the sky so bright and blue,
> That made the grass so green;
> That made the flowers that smell so sweet,
> In pretty colors seen.

And God, too, as well as Old Rover and the Little Boy, became his acquaintance—a strange Being, black-eyed and partially bald, with mustache and goatee, high toward the zenith in a blue southeastern sky, and, on the whole, benevolent. To Him he prayed, or with Him, rather, he learned to converse:

> O Lord, as now I bend my knee,
> And lift my heart and voice to Thee,
> Hear what a child can say.

In the course of time, traveling became easier. The feet were less sore, the muscles less weary, the spirit more hopeful and enduring. He even acquired a measure of independence, and made short excursions without his guide. The oftener and the farther he pushed into the land of the unknown, the greater the ease with which he moved, and the greater his courage and hopefulness in the face of each new expedition.

The time indeed soon came when vivid pleasure and excitement attended his adventures. He came upon landscapes of unsuspected charm. New realms swimmed into his ken. He formed acquaintance with persons and peoples of the widest and deepest diversity and interest. Thaddeus of Warsaw, Ivanhoe, and the Scottish Chiefs, Little Em'ly and Oliver and Nicholas Nickleby, The Wolf Boy in China, the fine old Grandfather and his Tales of heroic men and women in Caledonia, stern and wild—what brave and delightful people! And the lands of Gulliver

and Crusoe, and the Field of Ice—what enchanting possessions! And Arabia—

> And many a sheeny summer morn,
> Adown the Tigris he was borne,
> By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
> High-walled gardens green and old;
> True Mussulman was he and sworn,
> For it was in the golden prime
> Of good Haroun-Alraschid.

There came a day at length, after much boyish delight, when the Queen Regent and her Advisers told him he must go beyond the confines of the more immediate provinces, and enter territory where people spoke other tongues: there he would find beautiful new domains waiting, and on his return would look with new eyes on the old. They themselves had been there, and his ancestors also had gone up into the land to possess it.

He set out, but with hot rebellion in his heart: his possessions were already great, and life was short; the way was hard; there were thorns and

thickets; the land was far away. And besides, he doubted its attractiveness and rewards. He had seen travelers return from it in discouragement, and he knew of many who could not be persuaded to start at all.

But he was led on, and even driven, in spite of his questionings, in spite of his protests. And the way *was* hard. He had to learn once more what it was to be footsore, and weary, and cast down.

Happily, however, his guides and monitors did not cease their benevolent offices. In due time, after much toil and perspiration, he rose from the jungle to the foothills, from the foothills to the mountain ridges, and thence to peaks and promontories whence his vision, like a Hannibal's from the Alps, reached far and wide down to rich and well-watered plains.

Again and again he responded to exhortation and climbed, and again and again saw glorious lands of promise. He made partial descents into them, too, his guides leading the way—for, after

the ascent and the promontories, the way was inclined and easier—and returned home filled with the satisfaction of wholesome fatigue after the exhilaration of successful excursion into fruitful expanses.

And now he again became independent and trustful. Constant repetition of his experiences led him to see that the vision of his elders was farther-reaching than his own, and that he could do nothing better for not only his profit, but for his delight, than to heed their admonition. Faith became his, the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. By faith the walls of his difficulty fell down, and he sojourned in the land of promise.

Happily for him, his guides did not leave off insisting until they had given him glimpses of lands still more distant, had pointed to far removed heights on the horizon beyond which their own faith told them were still more and more fruitful realms. By the time they had let him go from their hand, he was ready to be his own

guide and inspirer, and needed no spur beyond his own eager desire.

Now began his *real* travel, and his *real* observation. The delights of exploration and annexation were multiplied. He went on to newer and ever greater realms. . . . And yet he fell short of the glory of perfect enjoyment; for, now that he had dismissed his guides, he had a sense of loneliness, and something of the disquiet of those who travel with no purpose. And so it came about that he determined to be a guide in his turn. This would multiply his delight, besides making him, in ever greater measure, the master of his territories; and it would be a stimulus to explore and annex wider and wider realms.

Hence it was that the Professor was a Monarch, and that, too, over ever increasing Realms of Gold. The passes to the world's provinces, ancient and modern, were his, and duty called him to journey through them all. He not only explored new fields where the yellow grain was ready for the hand of the reaper, but also gleaned

from the old. For in some way, after every reaping in the new, he found more and more to glean from the old. They were rich—richer by far than the fields of Boaz, where Ruth stood in tears amid the alien corn—and his intellectual and spiritual garner was filled with Golden treasure. He knew the heroes of the epic, from the surge and thunder of the Odyssey to him that rode sublime

> Upon the seraph wings of extasy
> The secrets of the abyss to spy.

And with them he passed the flaming bounds of place and time. The dramatists, too, were his familiars—the great ancients

> Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
> Or the tale of Troy divine. . .
> Or what, though rare, of later age,
> Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

Mild Herodotus, the calm genius of Plato, the streaming eloquence of Cicero, the genial good sense and exquisite expression of Horace, the glowing high-mindedness of Livy, the vivacity of

kaleidoscopic Apuleius—all these, and much else, had entered into his possession, with the long line of those who had enriched the world in like manner in his own tongue and in other tongues of his time.

And his was not merely a cold and intellectual acquaintance, with men and nations in the abstract. He knew individuals of real flesh and blood, in ages both past and present. Gentle Sophocles, Euripides the human, rollicking Plautus, sympathetic Virgil, gloomy Dante, rare Ben Jonson, austere Milton—were all intimate acquaintances of his, some of them warm friends with whom he could converse and commune, and from whom he could learn noble lessons; and he had a host of lesser acquaintances whom he knew as well, if not so personally.

And these were not all. He had also made scores of friends in the provinces of the imagination—the most human children of the world's most generous minds. To the cherished companions of his boyhood he now added Colonel

Newcome and Ethel, Esmond and the Warringtons, Sidney Carton and Tony Weller, Captain Cuttle and Dolly Varden, Bishop Bienvenue and Wilhelm Meister, Joost Avelingh, Renzo and Lucia, Quixote and Sancho, Orlando and Beatrice, Falstaff and Rosalind, Tartarin and Dogberry—an endless procession of infinite variety; human life idealized and concentrated. For the excellence of the Realms of Gold is that in them familiarity breeds no contempt, virtue provokes no envious hatred, villainy no fear; and there are only rare cases of that insidious mingling of good and evil in the same vessel which in actual life baffles the understanding and renders impossible the hatred of vice and love of virtue, so much coveted because of their reposefulness.

His wealth was boundless. His territories were wide, his revenues immense. Spiritual revenues. For every province in his dominions he had a soul. He understood now why Goethe had said that a man had as many souls as he knew languages; and he proved the truthfulness of

Ennius, who declared that he had three hearts, because he knew Greek, Oscan, and Latin. He had two ancient souls, and almost an embarrassment of modern ones. He was, by turns, ancient and modern, Greek and Roman, European and American, Latin and Teuton.

For his old guides had helped him forge "the keys of the world's libraries," and now he carried them in his pockets; and these were also the keys to the hearts of the nations. He dwelt continually in lands beyond the sea. He had, indeed, seen foreign countries in the flesh, but his actual traveling abroad in the body was as nothing compared with his traveling in the Realms of Gold.

For in his travels in the Realms of Gold he was abroad, not only in space, but in time also. He saw there immeasurably more than he had ever seen in the flesh, and it sharpened his vision. The cumulative effect of ideal experience upon real, and of real upon ideal, filled his life with richness. He had never really been in Spain,

but its castles were his nevertheless, with the châteaux and cathedrals of France. He had roamed in the flesh among real ruins, and in the spirit among ruins he had never seen. Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po, where he had actually set foot, or in lands upon which his eyes had never rested, he knew and sympathized with the smiles and tears and hopes and fears of men most widely separate.

But the Realms were filled for his delight not only with the spirits of men. In the same domains he found much else. He learned

> To love the high embowèd roof,
> With antique pillars massy-proof,
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light.

He frequented the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault of many a noble cathedral, and felt his soul dissolve into ecstasies when he heard the pealing anthem swell the note of praise. From the Parthenon to Cologne, from the awful Jove that Phidias wrought to the giants of Michel-

angelo, from the Pompeian walls to Corot, the galleries of the world's beautiful forms and colors were his to roam through, and its great piles of architecture his to worship in.

Nor did Nature yield less than Art the secrets of her beauty and harmony. Whoso traveled well the Realms of Gold did not fail rightly to spell

> Of every star that heaven doth shew,
> And every herb that sips the dew. . . .

He had inexhaustible natural resources.

> He was rich in flowers and trees,
> Humming birds and honey bees.
> Laughed the brook for his delight,
> Through the day and through the night. . .
> His, on bending orchard trees,
> Apples of Hesperides. . .
> Still, as his horizon grew,
> Larger grew his riches too.

All his experiences were emphasized and clarified by knowledge of the experience of other

men and other times. Every enjoyment of daily life was heightened, deepened, and broadened, even to the most commonplace.

Full many a glorious morning had he seen

even from childhood; but his delight when he saw the first envious streaks begin to lace the severing clouds in yonder east was multiplied as he thought of night's candles burnt out, and jocund day standing tiptoe on the misty mountain tops; or beheld the morn, in russet mantle clad,

Walk o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.

Dew had always been a familiar and a pleasant phenomenon, and he knew its physical cause; but he had never looked upon it with eyes that saw until in the Realms of Gold he came upon it

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

The heavens, too, had always declared the glory of God to him in no uncertain way; but they became vocal when once he had lifted eyes

to them and their starry hosts from a watch-tower in the Realms:

> Soon as the evening shades prevail,
> The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
> And nightly to the listening earth,
> Repeats the story of her birth;
> Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
> And all the planets, in their turn,
> Confirm the tidings as they roll,
> And spread the truth from pole to pole.

The chastened and subdued pleasure of the hours of twilight,

> When o'er the hill the eastern star
> Tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo,
> And owsen frae the furrow'd field
> Return sae dowf and wearie O;

and when the gray-hooded even,

> Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
> Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain,

was increased infinitely at the recollection of a calm spot he had once visited in a distant part of his possessions:

Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh.
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur! balde
Ruhest du auch.

And when the shadows of the mountains lengthened, and wearied oxen were freed from the yoke, and the chariot of the sun sank from sight and repose settled over the land—

Sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras et iuga demeret
Bobus fatigatis amicum
Tempus agens abeunte curru;

when the glimmering landscape faded on the sight, and all the air a solemn stillness held, and the time came for Nature's soft nurse

to weigh his eyelids down
And steep his senses in forgetfulness,

what gentle comfort to think of Sappho's dark-eyed Sleep, the Child of Night; or of how

the honey of care-charming sleep
Softly begins through all their veins to creep;

or of

the drowsy-flighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtained sleep;

or of the Mantuan's gentle lines:

Vertitur interea caelum et ruit Oceano nox,
Involvens umbra magna terramque polumque. . .
Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus aegris
Incipit et dono divum gratissima serpit.

And not only his present enjoyment, but his past, was thus made more clear-cut and vivid. He remembered his experience in foreign lands with added appreciation because he had embalmed his impressions, so to speak, in the verses of great poets:

The isles of Greece! The isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung——;

the seas whose tides rose and fell among the shining Cyclades, where

Wandering in youth, he traced the path of him,
The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind——;

or the leafy and mysterious North, the *Germania horrida* of the Roman poets, where

> The castled crag of Drachenfels
> Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
> Whose breast of waters broadly swells
> Between the banks which bear the vine——;

Italy, great mother of fruits, Saturnian land, mother of heroes; olive-silvery Sirmio; the Appian Way, *Regina Viarum;* Rome, *Urbs Æterna;* Crete, the land of the hundred cities; golden Mycenæ, low-lying Ithaca, and horse-feeding Argos—what delight in the continued vision of such scenes! As he looked forth from his palace, it was through Magic Windows, and his eyes took the wings of the morning and dwelt in the uttermost parts of the earth, and traversed the uttermost reaches of time.

With natural phenomena it was the same. What to those who lived in the Realms of Iron and Brass was merely water, fog, and storm, was to him the wine-dark sea, the misty deep, the many-surging sea; what to them was only the

slapping of water against the prow at nightfall was to him the loud crying out of the waves as the ship sped on while the sun sank and shadows covered all the ways. The sight of an ocean steamship lying at dock suggested to them only men and merchandise—those that went down to sea in ships, that did business in great waters; but he never looked on one of these monsters without seeing in spirit the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep; without a certain expansion of the soul, a mystical apprehension of the infinitudes of the ocean plain:

> Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
> Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
> And where the land she travels from? Away,
> Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

Yes, and more—the Realms themselves contributed to their own interest and charm by apt self-descriptive phrase. Who needed words of his own to characterize

> Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry,
> Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire,
> Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre?

or the

> Mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies. . .
> God-gifted organ-voice of England?

Even his humor had become Golden. To tell his suffering friend in the department of philosophy

> For there was never yet philosopher
> That could endure the toothache patiently——;

or to refer to his traveling friend as one who went to and fro in the earth and walked up and down in it; or to his friend who lectured, as one who spoke an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice; or to say to a loquacious friend that he would that his horse had the speed of his tongue, and so good a continuer—such gentle and harmless shafts of wit as these gave him no end of pleasure.

His religion itself—— It was so wrapped up in poetry—poetry of word, of sound, of plastic expression, of ceremonial, of color, of thought—that he sometimes wondered (to the scandal of

his own conscience) whether there *was* any religion besides poetry, or any poetry besides religion; whether the Bible contained literature because it was religious, or whether it contained religion because it was literature. He knew no Art, whether in church, or in libraries, or in galleries, or in its most exquisite expression of all, human character, whose effect upon him was not identical with that which many called by the name religious.

For you must know that his Realms did more than merely to delight him. Had they done no more, they would have performed but an Epicurean function, and would have been worthy to come into condemnation along with Epicureanism.

No, their effect was more than Epicurean. They were a useful, and—more than that—a dynamic force in his life. The Realms of Gold had formed his speech when it was tender and stammering, they had turned his ear away from unworthy converse, had instilled friendly pre-

cepts into his heart, corrected his roughness and temper, set before his eyes the record of deeds well done, instructed his rising years with well-known examples, solaced him when in need and sick.

Yes, consoled and strengthened his heart in time of trouble and affliction. The arrows of fortune lost half their power to harm when he put himself in place of the Duke he had met in the Realms:

> Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
> This wide and universal theater
> Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
> Wherein we play in.

Tedious nights of illness were not without alleviation as he lay waiting more than they that watch for the morning. His courage always rose when he remembered:

> Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
> But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
> What though the mast be now blown overboard,
> The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,

> And half our sailors swallowed in the flood?
> Yet lives our pilot still. . .
> Why, courage then! What cannot be avoided
> 'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Black Care lost half its power to torment whenever he recalled from his experience in the Realms of Gold that it had pursued humanity on the Sacra Via as well as on Regent Street, and that no lot was wholly happy—

> nihil est ab omni
> Parte beatum.

Even Pallid Death had been so robbed of its terrors by the genial melancholy of poets ancient and modern that he almost felt

> That when the Angel of the darker Drink
> At last should find him by the river-brink,
> And, offering the Cup, invite his Soul
> Forth to his lips to quaff—he should not shrink.

Nor was he less inspired to excel in the sterner and more active phases of life. His steadfastness was always greater at thought of the upright man, tenacious of his purpose:

Iustum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava iubentium
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida neque Auster.

His resolve to measure up to the ideal of the four-square man never failed to be strengthened by the recollection of him that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not. It was impossible for one to rest content with being less than ideally honorable and patriotic who had known so many patriots and heroes in the Realms of Gold.

So you see that the Professor was not of the worldly kind of Monarchs—

So shaken as they are, so wan with care—

who bear the burdens of a real state. No, his joys were greater than fall to their lot, his sorrows less, his possessions more easily administered, his revenues more abundant. He had no courtiers to obscure his vision of the truth; he was face to face with it, and it made

him free. He had no flatterers to pervert his mind and his heart. His Counselors in the Realms of Gold were always sincere, always at their best, and always the chosen of the earth. They never obtruded their attentions upon him; and yet they were his constant companions, wherever he was. They delighted him at home, wrought him no ill anywhere, stayed with him through the watches of the night, multiplied the joys of his good fortune, and in adversity afforded him a refuge and a solace. Because of them his courage was higher, his religion deeper, his sympathy broader, his vision clearer, his action more sane, his self-control greater.

Thus it was that he lived life ever and ever more abundantly. He was possessed of *real* royalty, and of *real* riches. You would not rightly call rich him who possesses many things; more rightly he lays claim to the title of the rich who knows how to make wise use of the gifts of the gods, who knows how to endure poverty, who fears dishonor worse than death, who is not

afraid to die for his dear friends or for his country. Every person he met, every lecture he heard, every book he read, every painting, statue, or edifice he saw, every scene he looked on, every emotion he felt was more vivid to him because of the Realms of Gold. He had found wisdom there, and got understanding. His eyes saw, his ears heard, his spirit apprehended an infinity of things not visible nor audible nor sensible. His low-vaulted past had gradually grown into a dome more vast, wherein the glories of the world of art were displayed for his profit and his delight, and where the voices of time were echoing and re-echoing in grand diapason.

Happy destiny! The Professor's duties were ministers to his profit and to his pleasure; he best served his own ends in serving the ends of others. He looked forward with pleasant anticipation: he was to continue in the delights of possession and acquisition. All the days of his years he was to travel on, seeing the

cities and learning the minds of men, increasing in understanding of men and things,

> Till old experience did attain
> To something like prophetic strain.

And, greatest of all, he was to continue in the delight of showing his realms to others, and in the blessedness of helping them also to possess. That was his exceeding rich reward.

He was a beneficent Monarch. He dispensed no favors of the ordinary kind. He had no minor posts to bestow, no little tridents and sapphire crowns to confer. These would have seemed to him but petty rewards. He had nothing but Thrones to offer. He created nothing but Monarchs, and there was no limit to the number of his Crowns.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PROFESSOR LAUGHS AT EDUCATION

THE Professor's heart was inditing a good matter. Go to, he said to himself, I will speak of the things which I have thought touching education: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

But Himself rose in objection: what right have *you* to speak touching education? *You* are not a specialist in education: *you* haven't written a history of pedagogy, or books on adolescence. *You* haven't edited an educational journal. You are not an institute conductor, or an inspector, or a superintendent. You aren't even a professor of education. You are only an old fogy professor of classical literature. Who's going to listen to *you?*

Yes, you are right, replied the Professor. I

am *not* a professor of education, nor any other of the functionaries you mention. Worse than that, I have never had a course in normal school, I haven't published suggestions regarding the enrichment of the curriculum or the correlation of primary education with practical experience, nor subscribed to the spelling reform, nor written textbooks, nor proposed a single revolutionary or sensational plan, nor done any of the things which make men known and adored in educational circles, and get them called to positions of greater usefulness and higher salaries. I *am* only a professor of classical literature, and an old fogy one at that. I don't suppose anyone *will* listen to me; but I am going to talk, if my words are wasted on desert air.

And besides, your implication isn't justifiable. I may not be the kind of specialist *you* have in mind, but I maintain that I am a specialist in education, nevertheless. I've studied it, and practised it, and lived it—handled the real thing—for years and years, and I know what it is and

what it ought to be just as well as any of your precocious doctors of philosophy—

As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips—

who write BOOKS about it. Why, I've taught everything from the ABC's to archeology, from primary to post-graduate: I've taught in city and country, in private and public schools; I've taught in big institutions and little; I've taught classes and I've taught individuals, old and young, male and female, native and foreign, at home and abroad; I've taught for credit to be applied on the sabbatical, and I've taught for Cash and let the Credit go, and I've taught for fun; I've taught doctors of philosophy and Sisters of Mercy and Daughters of the Revolution, and I've taught other people's children and my own.

And I've *been* taught, too. I, too, have jerked back my hand under the ferule, copied my own faults down the writing-page, done partial payments and the six per cent. method, told Cromwell that curfew shall not ring to-night; and

since the termination of my twenty-five years of formal instruction, I have been getting some *real* education by instructing others.

And more than that, I've been educated in the school of experience. I have never studied sociology, but I am married and have children; I have never had a course in domestic science, but I don't have to resort to the restaurant when the head of my domestic science department comes home late from the Working Club; I have never had a course in commerce, but I have been a book agent, and have maintained a household under a protective tariff régime; I have never studied medicine or pharmacy or journalism, but I have worked on a real newspaper and have contributed an appendix to the history of surgical science and know the savor of poppy and mandragora and all the drowsy sirups of the world. And if you can't see that real understanding of the subject-matter and methods and purposes of education is better acquired by actual experience than by the reading of endless books and periodicals, and

the hearing of endless lectures, and the making of endless charts, and the conducting of endless elaborate experimentation, and the advocating of endless new schemes—why, then, you'd better be classed with those who think themselves literary because they write dissertations on dentals in Dante, or with those who consider themselves religious because they are learned in comparative theology, or with any others who haven't yet discovered the difference between the dead letter and the living spirit.

And then, I'm not *absolutely* without what you consider the real specialist's qualifications. I have actually attended a teachers' institute or two, and I could show you some very interesting notes I took there—columns of words usually mispronounced: cĕment, Sebastŏpol, gĭgantic; expressions of which we should be more careful: at all, not a tall; food, not victuals; speak, not talk; is it not, not isn't it; lists of teachers' faults, observed, set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote, to cast into my teeth; suggestions for

making geography vital; how to make grammar interesting to a dull pupil; thrice underscored directions not to punish in anger, to govern by love and not by fear, to insure proper deportment by directing the child's energies into appropriate channels, etc., etc.

Yes, and I have read books on education, and have served on the board of visitors to the kindergarten, and have listened to special lectures on pedagogy. Why shouldn't *I*, too, write? Must I always be merely a reader? While men all around me are publishing the results of world-wide reading and experiment, and proving by elaborate array of charts and statistics that children like best what is most interesting to them, and that, other things being equal, bright and healthy children remember with greater facility than dull and anemic ones, and that morning is a better time for study than afternoon, and that discipline is improved by the co-operation of parents, and that country children know more than city children about robins and rutabagas,

whereas city children know more than their country cousins about candy and cathartic—in short, that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn—am I, too, not to waste some of the nation's fast decreasing paper supply?

Having thus settled matters with Himself, the Professor and his heart went on inditing. For the fact is, the Professor had for some time been gathering discontent, not to say wrath. Whether with perfect justice, he was not absolutely sure; but he was at least so sure of it that he could not withstand the impulse to express himself, which was as irresistible with him as it is with most specialists.

He was, of course, aware that he would be called old-fashioned and unprogressive; or dissenter or nonconformist; or fossil; or pre-Adamite or antediluvian; or plain kicker or crank; or impractical; or, worst of all, idealist;—but he knew that he was not alone, and that there was an abundance of people who would welcome a spokesman. And besides, to be called by any or

all of these names was no worse than being called theorist or utilitarian.

He picked up his pen. . . . But it refused obedience. Somehow, his discontent did not focus. As he meditated his attack, he couldn't help noticing that no phase of the educational system was wholly bad. For example, there was the kindergarten. The kindergarten, so far as the Professor could see, had not only never done his children the least harm, but had proven a great source of comfort and profit to Mrs. Professor, who had employed the time saved her by the kindergarten teacher in attending child-study classes at the Woman's Club, and in listening to lectures on "The Ideal Mother" by Associate Professor Virginia di Ana of the department of domestic science in the university.

If the Professor had any fault at all to find with the kindergarten, it was that it did not begin with the child early enough, and did not demand more of its time; but possibly he was there only reflecting the views of Mrs. Professor,

who had been chairman of a committee to agitate the question of lowering the age of admission from four years to three-ninety-nine (this was to be an entering wedge toward a two-year limit), of enlarging the curriculum by the addition of courses in millinery, dining-room design, and dietetics, and of introducing the principle of free election. The catalogues of Boston, Chicago, Kalamazoo, Kankakee, and Kinnickinnic, which were acknowledged to be the great kindergarten centers of the world, showed that these features were in successful operation there, and an exhaustive study of Froebel and Pestalozzi yielded indisputable evidence that the systems of the great masters also had contemplated exactly what the committee proposed.

Nor was it the grades which were the prime cause of the Professor's discontent, though he had heard ancient, ill-balanced, and unprogressive people raising voices in timid protest, and had at times felt like taking sides with them. Some of them had ventured to suggest that a

little less attention to what might be termed the trimmings—the marching, games, dramatics, modeling in clay, story-telling, sewing, and the like—and a little more concentration upon the main purpose of the grade school, namely, to insure a reliable knowledge of fundamentals, would be a good thing. Children in these days, they said, didn't seem to know as much reading, writing, and arithmetic as they used to in the old district-school days when the teacher taught for ten dollars a month and boarded 'round, and children hadn't yet learned that it wasn't hygienic to spit on their slates.

The Professor had thought so too, but when he stopped to reflect that it was a fine thing for a boy to know how to saw a board in two, or drive a nail, or for a girl to know how to use the scissors and rolling-pin, he thought that perhaps the gain in one direction might counterbalance the loss in the other—though the demon Doubt *did* sometime suggest to him that boys and girls could hardly escape knowing these things

in the ordinary course of events, whether they were taught in school or not. He could remember none of his childhood playmates who couldn't and didn't drive nails, and who didn't do considerable successful clay modeling, though they hadn't yet learned to call it by that precise name; and as for carpenter work, though his own sawing had not been exactly fancy work, he couldn't remember when he hadn't known the difference between a hawk and a handsaw when the wind was southerly.

Something more might be said for the objection of his friends to the frequent changes of method in teaching and administration, and for their charge that the whole common school system was in a state of constant experimentation. What with institutes and associations, where teachers were continually listening to advocates of new ways to do old things; what with journals and books, where they were continually reading the same kind of material; and what with educational specialists who conducted experimental schools

and classes, and who toured the country, spreading their infinite variety of ideas *viva voce;* and what was worse, by way of the educational press (for the sight of a specialist is often a corrective to his words), the average teacher in the rank and file was kept in a state of bewilderment before the kaleidoscopic change of recommendations, and was so taken up with attempting to put into practice all the multitudinous pedagogical suggestions that she had no energy left for real teaching.

The Professor had heard of this variety and variability of methods, but he gained no real comprehension of the extent to which madness had got into method until he bought a dozen first and second readers for use with his little daughter, whom he was instructing in private. Some had printing only; some printing and writing; some placed all new words at the beginning of the lesson, some at the end, and some printed them in faced type; some were for dividing words into syllables, others not; some gave all words

their diacritical marks, some gave none at all; some used monosyllables first, and increased gradually to longer words, while others were composed on the theory that a long word was recognized as easily as a short one; some insisted on the phonetic method entirely, and some would none of it.

The subject matter was selected on the basis of theories which varied no less. One banned all fairy tales, another had little else; another set out to inculcate morals; another aimed to set the child right on what, how, and why to eat; another was filled with edifying information about trades and occupations; another about the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, and every living thing that moved upon the earth. Some used colored pictures, some used photographs; some had numerals at the top of the page, others at the bottom; some at the corners, some in the middle. Some conformed to the deformed spelling which was called reformed, calling attention in the preface to its economic advantage: a re-

duction of three cents per book in the cost of typesetting was no mean factor in the democratization of education.

There were more methods than Touchstone's degrees of the lie; to nominate them in order would have been impossible, and almost everyone was to be found but the Method Direct. When it had first dawned on the Professor that a score of new devices for royal roads to learning had been put on the market since he himself had gone to school, and even since he had taught in the grades, his sense of guilt at having taught imperfectly was equaled only by the sense of insecurity that, for a moment, possessed itself of his intimidated soul. How had he learned to read, with the crude methods of long ago? He had, with some trepidation, withdrawn to his study with one of the second readers to see whether he really *could* read.

The Professor suspected that the case with arithmetic and other subjects was the same. In fact, a friend of his who had attained to some

prominence in educational circles, and who was getting out a new geography, had talked to the Professor two hours by the clock, explaining just why the method in his book was better calculated than that of any other known textbook to let geographical light into the brains of boys and girls—and how it was going to net him three hundred thousand in six months, because every state in the Union which was unwilling to be ranked as unprogressive would adopt it.

The Professor wasn't quite sure he understood, but he couldn't help being a little bit excited at the thought of seeing geography made so much easier and more effective; but his enthusiasm was chilled for just a moment when he wondered how a method whose excellence his acumen had failed to fathom in two hours could work a revolution in the acquisition of learning by children. He remembered, however, that the acumen of literary professors wasn't reputed to be much, and let that pass.

On the whole, after the shock of revelation

had passed, the Professor concluded not to be alarmed. Children had learned to read and write and cipher long before his friend's textbook was thought of, and he himself had known a few good spellers in his youth. Even he knew enough mathematics to enable him to calculate his deficits at the end of the long vacation. The children of the present generation, and of generations to come, would continue to learn *something*. No extravagances of method could keep them from it, if only their teachers got time from their experimentation for a *little* instruction; for children recovered quickly from the ravages of educational microbes and medicines, just as they did from physical sickness and surgery. If teachers enjoyed the adventurous course of experiment, either because of the attendant excitement or because they confused its identity with that of progress, let them pursue it, and welcome. As between laughter and wrath, the Professor concluded that he would laugh.

He felt much the same about discipline. There

were certain of his acquaintances who were of the opinion that there was an undue amount of "saccharine benignity" in modern school teaching; punishments and tasks alike were of the milk-and-water kind. There was to be no corporal punishment, no punishment of any kind in anger; children should be reasoned with, and taught the philosophy of doing right, and the spirit of fear should never be allowed to enter their breasts.

Rigor now was gone to bed.

It seemed to his friends' unpedagogic minds that there was too much effort to make studies "interesting," and that teachers who were not "liked" by pupils—i.e., who insisted on prompt obedience and something like work—were in danger of losing their positions, or at least their popularity in the school and community.

The Professor's own sense of decorum was outraged a hundred times a week by the insolence of boys and girls in the presence of their elders, and

even on the street; and there were moments when he thought it was all chargeable to the sentimentalism of the school atmosphere. There were times when he would have given a great deal to have the right to correct children lodged in the hands of all citizens, as it was in ancient Sparta. He believed that for some children the only means of grace which could be employed was punishment which really *hurt*, and which was not delayed until day after to-morrow after school, when the sense of righteous and angry indignation had faded away, and perception of the moral issue had become obscured, but which followed wrong-doing with the suddenness of the lightning stroke. He was tired to death of the phrase "corporal punishment," and of the vapid and sickening silliness which would have a parent feel the qualms of conscience and the torments of remorse every time his child feared him. The dictionaries would soon be placing *obs.* after spanking, whipping, and all the other good old symbols of a serious view of life and letters.

But the Professor couldn't charge this fault up to teachers as a whole. How else could they act in a civilization which had repudiated the Wise Man's recipe for the preservation of the child, and was pinky-white in its very conception of God?

No, he would laugh at that, too. It was at least food for humor to observe the disparity between the serious confidence displayed by teachers in the administration of scientific punishment, and the snickering enjoyment of children who had been "disciplined." And here again, he reflected, children survived a great deal of abuse, and the result could not be so very serious, after all.

At any rate, there was the home, in which they could be corrected, in case of pressing need. Home discipline was, after all, the real source of all virtues. And in the last resort, life itself would be their disciplinarian. And as to instruction, if the Professor were not satisfied with grades and kindergarten, and it came to the worst,

he could keep his children at home and teach them himself—stealing the time from his employer the state, under the plea of making citizens—and give them in an hour as much of what was really fundamental as they were getting in six at school. From a year's experience the Professor thought he saw that the education of the ordinary family of children by parents in the home, after the good old Roman fashion, was not at all impossible, if only the father could set aside an hour a day from the frenzied pursuit of business, and the mother a like space from the frenzied chase of culture. As it was, however, he feared that no seed was sown which Heracleidan blood might own.

Again, and lastly, it wasn't the technical and professional schools that the Professor wanted to hold up and expose. The Professor had no quarrel with them. They were doing, with admirable sincerity and vigor, what they set out to do, and made no pretense to anything else. The nation could not do without them.

You see that there were really a number of things in the educational system which the Professor let pass without challenge; and when you consider, he appears a really self-contained and moderate being.

He laid down his pen, reflecting that the case of education could not be very bad, so long as it could be laughed at. Anything which contributed to the humor of life was not wholly without excuse for existence.

CHAPTER IX

A GOODLY APPLE ROTTEN AT THE HEART

THE Professor felt no more than ordinary dissatisfaction with technical, professional, and common school education, but he had a quarrel with education, nevertheless. Has anyone ever seen a professor who didn't? or who could say without blushing that he was sure his occupation was legitimate? Let some psychologist, or sociologist, or educationist, or moralist, or muck-raker . . . or economist . . . determine why so few professors' sons adopt the calling of their fathers.

The Professor's quarrel was with the spirit of higher education. So long as you conversed with him on any other topic, you might have supposed him sensible and well-balanced, though he was a college professor; but the moment you mentioned

the high school or the college, his essentially monomaniacal disposition became manifest. He poured forth his roarings like the waters.

Now, of course you will think that the Professor's ground of complaint was that the conduct of high school and collegiate education was unfavorable to the classics. For did not prominent educationists—there is a difference between educators and educationists—say that the ancient tongues were too hard, that they ruined the student's English, were impractical, wretchedly taught, took too much time, had no real connection with terrestrial existence, were dead, dead, dead things, and after a few years would have to give place to something more modern, more vital, more measurable—and easier?

It is true, the Professor didn't like this kind of talk, especially as it frequently proceeded from those whose attitude toward culture in general was like that of Goldsmith's principal toward Greek: "You see me, young man; I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed

it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek. I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and, in short, as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it."

But the Professor saw plainly enough that the classics were not alone in being the object of attack. The friends of modern language might regard the ancient languages as a stumbling-block, and the advocates of history, pure science, and all other subjects which could not prove an immediate connection with *life*—i.e., getting on in business—might entertain the same view; but he knew that they were short-sighted; that the conflict was not between the ancient and modern, not between scientific and literary culture, but between idealism and utilitarianism. The classics were not being neglected and opposed because they were ancient, or because they were foreign, or because they were hurting English, or because they were not practical, but because they were not *immediately* practical. The classics were

only one brigade in the army of liberal culture which was being assailed by the forces of the mediocre and the practical. Their defeat would be but the forerunner of the end of all serious literary study, which meant that all liberal culture would be endangered; for, let men say what they chose, literature was as surely the indispensable element in liberal culture as power of thought and the conscious sense of beauty were what distinguished the human being from other animals.

Here, then, was the Professor's real ground for complaint. He was an idealist. It was the low-thoughted care with which all liberal culture and with which education as a whole were being regarded which challenged his spirit. The conduct of modern education was to be judged by its fruits, and he did not like the fruits. The tree was fair-seeming—the American system was one of the triumphs of civilization—but there was gathered from it many a goodly apple rotten at the heart.

He surveyed the fruits. He saw the high school graduating classes come bounding down the steps and scatter to the four winds. Many went directly to work—behind counters, in delivery wagons, in the streets, or on the farm. Many went to business colleges, to schools of engineering, to colleges of medicine, or law, or agriculture. All were in a fever to get something done, to get to work, to earn money, and were impatient of anything which delayed actual entrance into the arena of life. It was a shout of liberty, not a sigh of regret, which was on their lips as they parted from each other.

A considerable number, indeed, went on to the university or college. It was the same there: the same lack of idealism. Many of them went because it was the proper thing and their parents could afford to send them, and because they wished to have a good time. Many went because they didn't know what else to do: they had got into the educational stream and didn't quite know

how to get out, and were hoping to come to some golden island, or waiting to be cast ashore.

The majority, however, went because of deliberate calculation and conviction that it would increase their earning capacity. If it was a university they went to, it was law or engineering or medicine or commerce or agriculture which most men went in for, and there were comparatively few who did not enter these special fields with as little work in the arts and sciences as could be made to satisfy the requirements. Those who did enter the college of arts and science elected work as nearly professional or technical as possible. Their purpose was not liberal culture, but professional culture. Even the women who elected cultural subjects did so, not because they were primarily after culture, which neither they nor many of their professors understood, but because they were after teachers' recommendations and certificates, or because their sorority friends advised it, or because the instructor was easy, or courteous, or interesting, or unmarried.

All things considered, the college of arts and sciences was a great commercial institution. It was, indeed, distinguished from the other colleges by its dealing with the material which was regarded by the average student as an element in culture; but so far as the treatment of that material was concerned, it was as professional as law or medicine, as utilitarian as agriculture or engineering. The one prominent fact was that the value of the college education was estimated not by its liberalizing influence, but by its immediate usefulness. Culture was copartner with commerce.

The Professor looked farther, into the graduate school, and saw the same thing. Young men and women were straining after the doctor's degree, not because they considered that they were bound to develop themselves to the full stature of which they were by natural endowment capable (for the graduate school was no place to go for that), but because without degrees they could get no position. And still farther on, he

saw these same doctors of philosophy, now become instructors, laboriously investigating and publishing, and attending the meetings of learned societies—for the most part because, without manifesting such activities, they feared they would receive no promotion. And finally, he saw the same instructors, now become professors, continuing the same strenuous activities for the sake of "calls," and inspiring the same ideals in students who were to carry the gospel of education to the lower schools.

All, from Alpha to Omega, had been reared from babyhood in the atmosphere of the struggle for SUCCESS. The Professor did not pretend to know what kind of instruction they had received in their homes, but he knew well enough the character of sermon and precept they had listened to from the lips of teachers and principals. He himself had heard them from the same source when in school, and again when he was out on tours of inspection. Even yet he had a confused idea that most of the world's rich and

successful men had begun in early boyhood on such capital as a single match, a penny, a dead mouse, or nothing at all but hunger and homelessness and an unearthly taste for economy, promptness, politeness, and other unhuman virtues; and he distinctly remembered despairing on various occasions because he did not seem to himself destitute enough to develop into a successful man. He could still see the solemn mien and hear the unctuous tones of the awful figures as they drew the moral from the morning talk or tale: Be punctual, and you will succeed! Be honest and faithful, and you will succeed! Look out for the little things, and you will succeed! It pays to get an education: the educated man succeeds—that is, he gets a good position, is promoted, becomes a partner in the firm, and finally owns the whole concern. Success in every case meant material prosperity:

> O cives, cives, quaerenda pecunia primum est;
> Virtus post nummos!

Common school and high school courses alike had served to confirm them in the idea, and here they were, about to go out and be living examples of it to the next generation.

How could the rising generation in high school and college be blamed if they were not idealists? Who was to set them an example? It was an endless chain. From the professor in the graduate school to the principal in the grades, all were preaching, either by precept or example, the gospel of getting on in life, of sacrificing the ideal, which is only the practical far removed and glorified, to the practical, by which is meant only a mean and easily achieved ideal.

> And they, so perfect in their misery,
> Not once perceived their foul disfigurement.

Now you understand, of course, that in his thoughts, and sometimes in what he wrote and spoke, the Professor—like most professors who are also idealists—was led by his very idealism to exaggerate the ills he disliked. He knew many

teachers in both secondary and higher education who, by due steps, aspired

> To lay their just hands on that golden key
> That opes the palace of eternity;

whose ideal, in the words of Stevenson, was honor, and not fame; to be upright, not to be successful; to be good, not prosperous; to be essentially, not outwardly, respectable. He knew, too, that the grades were by no means without idealism; for both the average pupil in the grades, and the average teacher (who was a woman), were idealists by nature.

But, after all, he stood to it that his complaint was justified. The common fault of the whole educational system—least in the grades, more in the high school and college, most in the university—was a certain dull insistence on the money value of education. He knew that, whatever principals and superintendents and lecturers meant when they harped on success in life, to their listeners it meant financial success. He

thought of all the demagogic talk he had heard about the relation of high school and college work to the demands of real life, and of the multiplication of so-called practical studies. Civics had been reinforced by economics and other courses in social science, as if good citizenship depended more upon these subjects than upon a taste for inspiring literature. History had also suddenly become much more important; in some way it had come to be classed among practical subjects, to the surprise of no one quite so much as its teachers, who rather inclined to accept the definition of the myriad-minded Dean of the Professor's college, who called history "that part of fiction on which we all agree."

The sciences, too, and mathematics, had got the name of being practical, even the pure sciences. The Professor didn't quite see how a knowledge of the resolution of forces would help a man when a brick fell on his head, or how the fact of having proved experimentally the law of gravitation could benefit a housekeeper who

had dropped a flatiron on her toe, or how a knowledge of college algebra would help a man pay his debts. It appeared to him that there was a confusion here: the study of the sciences had got the name of being practical merely because it dealt with material and measurement, just as literature, though treated after the manner of chemistry, was regarded as a cultural study because its subject-matter sometimes entered into culture.

Modern language, too, was on the list of the practical, though the Professor had never known an instructor in a foreign language to declare seriously that his pupils got a working commercial knowledge of it, or that his purpose was to give that. But these tongues were at least alive, and had the semblance of being practical. Did not commerce involve the speaking and writing of German and Spanish? Surely here was something vital—something that could be converted into success.

At any rate, teachers of modern languages

and history, economics, science, and mathematics who were anxious to fill up their classes could recommend or defend their subjects on the ground of practical value, and did so. The question "What is there in it?" was rarely asked, because it was usually anticipated. Every subject was labeled with its guarantee of practicality: the pure food law itself was less effective than the unwritten practical education law.

Teachers of English language and literature made the same kind of plea, some of them because they really conceived the value of the study in that way, some of them from motives of policy, allowing the end to justify the means. They enlarged upon the advantage to applicants for "lucrative positions" of being able to indite a graceful letter, to business men of possessing the faculty of accurate diction, to lawyers of being able to use ornament in their speeches, to book agents of knowing correct theories of exposition and style.

Even teachers of the classics appealed for

patronage in the same way, paralleling the claims of modern language by pointing out the use of Greek and Latin to the doctor, clergyman, pharmacist, geologist, botanist, politician, etc., and were only less culpable because the ancient languages could not be argued for on the basis of immediate utility.

The Professor was not so short-sighted as to blame his confrères. The practical atmosphere belonged not only to the classroom and assembly room; it belonged to the community at large, to the nation, to the times. The two reacted on each other. A great cry had gone up that young men were not getting at their life work in the professions early enough, and that the college course should be shortened, and the work in grades and high schools condensed—i.e., relieved of the burden of studies which had no immediately practical purpose. Even daily papers gave editorial space to agitation for modern and vital subjects as opposed to the old-fashioned studies, and published letters from

A. C. Itizen and P. R. Actical, demanding that cooking, and sewing, and cabinetmaking, and designing, and agriculture, and typewriting, and shorthand, and library work, and journalism, and mining, and blacksmithing, and shoemaking, and so forth, be taught in the high schools.

The high school was the people's college, they said, and should equip for the duties of life. The Professor had heard one educationist of national reputation say that the high school should teach every student a trade, and another had screamed out, in a magazine which paid well for excitement, that the high schools had too many books and book instructors, and that their real need was "forges, carpenter's benches, draughting instruments, simple and practical laboratories, and a man's gymnasium and a swimming school."

In other words, the nation was enthusiastic over education, but didn't seem even to understand the meaning of liberal culture. The idea of a liberal education as a factor in an effective

lifelong career, or as a necessary ingredient in personality, had not yet become so common as to be unquestioned in the minds of the best college students, to say nothing of high school pupils. What with the elective system and the amazing confusion of values which it had fostered, a cultured person might be defined as one who had a degree. He might be a university graduate rich in acquaintance with the wisdom of the ages; or he might be a university graduate superintending a railway excavation, and perfectly willing to confess that he couldn't see the least good in literature and art. As for the general public, it entertained little question as to which was the better education, or was at any rate more willing to be taxed for the training of the latter.

With all this the Professor had no patience. He was at hopeless variance with those who would make the high school and the college into machines for the grinding out of wage-earners. To his mind, these institutions ought to be the fortresses of idealism in education and in life,

and their product a leaven of society. They ought to encourage young people to look forward, not merely to commencement, but to the culmination of a life career; not merely to the salary to be drawn the year after graduation, but to the measure of usefulness, happiness, and fame enjoyed in life as a whole. They were to foster the idea that education contemplated the full-statured citizen, high-minded and of broad vision, not the self-confident and self-interested youth of twenty-two, and that to be really educated was to build broad and deep foundations—broad and deep enough to admit the construction of palaces rather than shacks, edifices to be complete only with the term of life. The education they offered was to be a beginning, not a finishing—a beginning of such momentum as would insure everlasting progress. Its diploma was to be a passport, not a bank-note. Let the community and state provide, in whatever way it chose, for the training of its sons and daughters for the practical affairs of life; but let there be *some*

institutions where the dominating influence was the spirit of liberal culture.

The Professor's friends sometimes humorously observed that a passport was of little avail without bank-notes, and that his ideal would defer overmuch the entrance of young men into the promised land. He was wont to reply that any education involved present hardship for the sake of future fulfilment, and that his kind differed only in the greater length of the former, and the greater glory of the latter. You might get a little way into the promised land on bank-notes, but no one ever got to the top of Oreb or of Sinai without the passport.

The young men and women whose "adviser" the Professor was—you understand that the title was merely one of courtesy—couldn't see it that way. They smiled at his advice with as little disrespect as their incredulity would permit, and gently but firmly saw to it that he made out their programs according to modern ideas of what education should be.

The Professor was not at all surprised. Why *should* a stripling see as far into the future as his experienced elders? And why *should* he listen to the advice of his elders when he had been bred under the influences of an educational system that taught him to have implicit confidence in his power to choose for himself? The Professor was hopelessly old fogy in his views regarding the elective system. It seemed to him a spectacle for gods and men—this investiture of young persons in their teens with the wisdom and the seriousness of purpose to which most teachers had not yet attained; and he saw far less exaggeration than many of his fellows in the sarcastic assertion of the critic that "the wisdom of the ages was to be as naught compared with the inclination of a sophomore."

The Professor himself, rejoicing as he did that education in university and high school was democratic and open to the sons of the poor as well as the rich, didn't believe that more than very scant space in their courses should be given

to the commonplace things of life, against which, in the ordinary course of events, young people would inevitably break their shins. He had heard modern educationists called the apostles of the commonplace. For himself, he would be an apostle of the ideal. Let young people in high school and college get in those institutions what they could get nowhere else; and if such an education was in the nature of a luxury of preparation for life, let the state rejoice in placing at least one luxury within the reach of its humbler citizens, and not allow the ideal education to become an affair of the privately endowed institution, accessible only to the rich.

"To be at home in all lands and all ages; to count Nature a familiar acquaintance, and Art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of your own; to carry the keys of the world's library in your pocket, and feel its resources behind you in whatever you undertake; to make hosts of friends among the men of your own

age who are leaders in all walks of life; to lose yourself in generous enthusiasms and cooperate with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen, and form character under professors who are Christians" —this was the offer of the college for the best years of young people's lives, said one of the Professor's fellow-heretics; and this was also the Professor's idea of the purpose of a college, and he would have seen the same spirit inform the work of the high school.

But what if young men and women in their wisdom would not accept the offer, and preferred the lower ideal? The Professor was for condemning them to everlasting redemption. He would have them introduced to the best by compulsion, if they had too little sense to see their opportunities for themselves. He believed, with Emerson, that our chief want in life was somebody who should make us do what we could; that it was the depth at which we lived, and not the surface extension, that imported. He be-

lieved in hastening the time "when the best that had anywhere been in the world should be the property of every man born into it."

Not that he would have had culture pursued as an end in itself, or would have discouraged definite practical aims and ambitions. Quite the contrary. The Professor believed in useful citizenship as strongly as any man living, and believed that education ought to promote it; and he also believed in the practical. He never denied the reality of the Realms of Iron and Brass. He had traveled there himself, and recognized the universal industry and enterprise of their subjects. They formed no mean part of the Realm Universal which included all men and all states.

But his ideas of what constituted the practical, both for the individual and the state, differed from those which seemed to be prevalent. To his mind the practical was not the immediately practical, but the remotely practical which men of the utilitarian school condemned by calling it ideal. He believed that the kind of citizen

of which society stood most in need was not the narrow specialist, nor the ill-balanced business man, nor the frothy politician who was called a statesman, nor the man who was able merely to earn a discontented living; but the four-square man with extensive outlook and broad sympathies, who saw with the eye of understanding, and who was "a radiating focus of good will . . . and practically demonstrated the great Theorem of the Livableness of life." He thought it practical for the state to have artists and authors and scholars and accomplished gentlemen, as well as agriculturists and engineers and lawyers, hewers and drawers, diggers in vineyards, and mighty makers of money before the Lord.

The universal economy was not complete with mere Iron and Brass. What constituted a state? he asked. A voice from the Realms of Gold answered:

> Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
> Thick wall or moated gate;
> Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
> Not bays and broad-armed ports. . .

No: it was men, high-minded men—men who from experience had learned to distinguish one metal from another, and the false from the true. And High-mindedness was the mark of those who traveled much in the Realms of Gold. That was their exceeding rich reward—theirs, and that of the Realm Universal.

And besides, the Professor never forgot that the great modern utilitarian discoveries in science had all been preceded by the study of pure science, which had been pursued for the sake of mere delight in learning, and that the delight in learning had been inspired by the literature and art which had survived from the ancient world. Men had sought first the heavenly kingdom of learning and its righteousness, and all things had been added unto them. The nations of the earth had often entertained useful citizens unawares in the persons of impractical idealists. Let his own state not forget the lesson.

Now that you know the full measure of the Professor's idealism, you will understand why

it was that when he considered the spirit of modern education his thoughts so often reverted to that room "where was a man that could look no way but downward, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor."

Then said the Professor: O deliver us from this muck-rake! But that prayer, his consciousness told him, had lain by till it was almost rusty. "Give me not riches," he knew was scarce the prayer of one in ten thousand. Straws and sticks and dust, with most, were the great things now looked after.

If I had leisure, I would defend the Professor from the charge which I know you have already formulated, by demonstrating again that many persons are slanderously called pessimists when they are only idealists. But for the present it

must suffice to say that if you think the Professor's vision was distorted, it may be because you are of the complacent sort who derive comfort from looking back at the rival who is behind them in the race. The Professor was of an older fashion, one of the kind whose gaze is fixed on the chariots ahead of them:

> **Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus, illum**
> **Praeteritum temnens extremos inter euntem.**

CHAPTER X

THE PROFESSOR MISSES THE SERMON

THE Professor's thoughts were straying again, and he realized that when he got home he was going to add one more to the already long list of failures to give his wife an intelligent account of the sermon over the dinner table.

Not that the Professor was wilfully inattentive, nor that he was in the least inclined toward irreverence. Quite the contrary: he was really a worshiper. When he went to church Sunday morning, it was because his soul thirsted for the living God, and he was genuinely desirous of communion with his Creator.

But however excellent the sermon, and however great the good-will he brought to it, he was not always master enough of himself to follow it to the end. His thoughts *would* wander. It was *so* easy for a fragmentary thought from the

pulpit to lodge in his mind and jog his mental machinery into pernicious activity. Or some chance circumstance in his environment, or sentiment in the hymn, afforded a fruitful suggestion, and before he knew it, all his good resolutions had gone for naught, and he was oblivious of preacher and congregation, busily employed in pursuing—or rather following—a train of thought all his own.

Perhaps it was due to the season—it was the week after Easter, and you know what the Easter season means at church—but this particular morning the Professor's thoughts were even more vagrant than usual. Circumstance and sermon alike—the text was Isaiah iii. 12: *And women rule over them*—seemed to have conspired to make him guilty of flagrant inattention. The eternal feminine—his thoughts would be induced to consider nothing else, and insisted in going about it in their own way.

As he had taken his place, he had been reminded of the long ago when he used to creep

into and submerge his small self among waving grain and grass, or tall poppies. Pulpit, choir, and congregation alike were screened from his vision; everything but the ceiling. When he leaned forward to get his hymnal, paper blossoms and creepers tickled his nose; when he reclined again, his back hair was ruffled by other specimens of horticultural ingenuity; and only by maintaining the strictest equilibrium could he keep clear of incumbrance to right and left.

He tried to look about him. When he had first taken his seat, it was difficult enough; but by the time the sermon began, it was almost hopeless. He ought to have known that Easter hats, like German professors, took advantage of the Akademisches Viertel. Nevertheless, by dint of judicious craning, he managed after a while to get his vision through the testudo-like formation of the prevailing style of headdress, and to see a lone man four seats ahead, sitting with shoulders contracted and head slightly drooping, circumspect and apologetic. One or two others

he saw to right and left, in the same attitude and trying to look unconcerned; but it was safe to say that nine out of ten persons present were women and girls.

The Professor reflected that what was true of his own congregation was true also of congregations elsewhere. To be sure, he had heard fabulous tales about the number of men sometimes seen at church; but as for himself, he had never been able to count more than one man to two women. He remembered the prominent part played by women in the Epistles, and in early Christian times in general, and reflected that much the same proportion must have been true of the early Christian congregations. Whatever might be said to the contrary, he could not escape the conclusion that, so far as formal worship was concerned, religion was a feminine thing.

But that was not all. Not only were six out of seven of the average congregation women, but even the male remnant was less masculine in quality than the ordinary male member of

society. The Professor looked at the few specimens visible to him, and scrutinized himself as well. Had they not all pale and smooth skins, soft and delicate hands, gentle and unobtrusive ways? He looked in vain for the coarse, bronzed, weatherbeaten faces of the children of toil and hardship, or even of the sturdier animal types among other classes.

In the country where he had been brought up it had been the same: the gray-haired fathers in Israel had not been the vigorous red-blooded types of the community, filled with strong impulse and appetite, but the mild and quiet sort. Good men they were, and above reproach. The Professor would never have thought of calling them effeminate, nor did he think of his present fellow-worshipers as effeminate. He wished all men were more like them—gentle and considerate, unassuming, patient, charitable, of noble aspirations; but still they were in character more like good women than like the average man of the community.

The Professor's thoughts next turned to the preachers he had listened to. He could remember few of them who were vigorous masculine types. Their virtues, as a rule, were many: they were pure, noble, and self-sacrificing, and the breath of criticism was stopped before them. Yet how many of them he had heard referred to as effeminate! In some cases, to be sure, the Professor thought the employment of the word justified, and would indeed have preferred the charge himself. If the term was not meant for men who were slight and delicate, smooth-shaven and soft-skinned, with cultivated grace of hand and wrist, and with mincing step, who were dressed in gownlike coats, gleaming linen, and white tie, exhaled faint perfumes, wore wisps of hair carefully arranged over the forehead, mingled tears and honey in their voices, addressed omnipotent God as "dear," "sweet," "loving," and filled their sermons with diction of the same character —for whom, in the name of Adam, thought the Professor with some impatience, *was* it designed?

But the Charles Honeymans were exceptions, and rare. To their saner and more perfectly poised brethren he never would have thought of applying the term.

In some churches, too, the Professor reflected, there was similarity between the vesture of women and that of ministrant. He thought of surpliced choirs, of the laced robes of priest and acolyte, of the monkish costume, of rich altar appointment, of all the attention paid to detail in the adornment of sanctuary and ceremonial. Surely here again was manifest the spirit of the eternal feminine.

Yes . . . but what of it, after all? Was he to think of it as a reproach to religion that its followers were characterized, on the whole, more by feminine than by masculine qualities? He knew that many did, and that they felt a shade of contempt for the church. Was there really something wrong about it? or was it rather all right, and as it was intended by the Great Intelligence?

The Professor's logic set itself to work—or rather went off on a little tour to see what it might find for its recreation. Yes, much in the outward form of religion was feminine; and the same was true of its content. The virtues taught by religion were those naturally belonging to women rather than to men. Religion *was* essentially a feminine thing. Pastors, other things being equal, were more religious than laymen, and more virtuous; and also more feminine. Laymen, other things being equal, were more religious than non-church-members, and more virtuous; and also more feminine. The greater the progress of human society, then, the nearer its approach to the feminine. Ergo, when the millennium should arrive, it would see all human beings feminized.

The Professor was somewhat taken aback by the conclusion to which his logic so swiftly led him, and was at first disposed to protest. He reflected, however, that to be feminized meant neither to be resexed, nor unsexed, nor neces-

sarily to be made effeminate, and felt reassured; to be feminine was one thing, to be effeminate quite another. One was a virtue, the other a defect. For all mankind to become gentle, loving, and self-sacrificing, to rid itself of the stains of sordid ambition and to stand forth clad in the shining garments of charity and purity—was surely nothing to dread. Did not indeed his own daily prayer include an earnest petition that he might possess these very virtues?

But was the basis of his logic right? Was it really true that religion was essentially feminine in character? The Professor thought of the poetry and art which clung to religion: of the elaborate ceremonial of ritualistic churches, of the hardly less effort of his own church to secure the effect of ritual without laying itself open to the charge of employing it. He thought of the music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and poetry which had come into being in response to the impulse of religion, whether from within or from without.

All these things, it was true, might be only the husk of religion; but the kernel itself was poetry, too. Did not the essentially poetic quality of religion manifest itself in a score of ways —in the diction of sermon and prayer, in the form and content of hymns, in the processional and the Communion, in all the symbols employed to manifest Deity to the sense, in the mystic sentiment of the worshiper, in his loyalty to the ideal and the unseen, in his repudiation of the visible and practical? To be sure, he had heard preachers declare that religion was the most logical and reasonable thing in the world; but he knew, and knew that they knew, that as logic and reason are ordinarily conceived of, they had little to do with religion, which was concerned with faith, or, in other words, was more a matter of temperament than of intellect. The conclusion of the philosopher that " religion was poetry become the guide of life " seemed to him a good one, if rightly understood.

Yes, religion was essentially poetic—poetic in

content, and poetic in expression. Its content had to do with the ideal, and overrode logic and reality; and its forms of expression were the products of the esthetic instinct. And poetry and art were feminine rather than masculine in quality. Were not the Mediterranean nations, especially Greece and the Latin countries, often spoken of as representing the feminine in civilization? Their fame was based rather on sculpture, painting, architecture, and literature than on their achievements in grim-visaged war and the science of the purely practical. The same nations were the most faithful daughters of religion. The essentially feminine qualities in them which had impelled them to develop art and poetry and religion kept them in an appreciative attitude toward the products of their genius.

So art and poetry were closely allied to religion, and all were indwelt by the same spirit—the spirit of the feminine. Women rather than men liked them, and fostered them. It might be that men were often the makers and innovators, but

the product was feminine, after all. The masculine spirit might contribute the energy and the logic necessary to execution; but it was the feminine spirit which gave the poet and the artist the intuitive perception which was the really indispensable element in artistic creation; they themselves were little more than instruments. Had not a famous anthropologist mistaken the skull of Raphael for that of a woman? "Gentle" Virgil, "gentle" Sophocles, "gentle" and "sweetest" Shakespeare, "fancy's child"—were not poets best remembered for qualities usually possessed by women? Had not Milton been called the lady of Christ's? The friendships of poets and artists, too—were not friendships with women prominent among them? How many collections of letters by literary men had the Professor seen, among which the most attractive compositions were addressed to women!

Culture in general, too, was feminine. Men were essentially but brutes engaged in the unpoetic practicalities of life which centered about the

struggle for existence; while women, much less enthralled by the selfish passions begotten in the struggle, were cultivating the finer perceptions. The Professor thought of the college of his town. Remove from it the students of the liberal arts, especially literature and the languages, and you removed from it all the women, but few men. There were twenty women to five men in every subject avowedly cultural; while the so-called practical subjects were elected by men only. Nor was it interest only that prompted the election; their tastes also were for the practical.

Then the Professor's thoughts passed by easy transition to the larger College of Life—the community round about him. Men belonged to the Elks, the Masons, the Woodmen, etc., and employed their leisure moments in meeting to smoke and drink together, tell stories, and play cards or billiards. Women spent their spare moments —and many which they could not spare—in Women's Clubs, Art Associations, or in laborious fancy-work; and when they adopted a profession,

it was usually teaching. There were nine women to every man on the instructional forces of the primary and secondary schools of the Professor's city.

There was a great deal of talk about segregation of the sexes in education (you may know by this that the Professor did not live in the East); but what the Professor saw was segregation already, in reality. College men and women chose few studies in common; the effect of coeducation was social rather than intellectual. But the tendency toward segregation was not limited to education alone. Men were becoming more and more immersed in the practical, and were less and less attracted by the cultural phases of life. Women were gravitating the other way, and with a greater rapidity than ever before in history. For until comparatively recent times the tendency toward separation had been held in check by woman's lack of freedom; but now that womankind was emancipated, with the privileges of the world open to it, and en-

couragement was added to opportunity, what was to be the result?

The Professor again became a prey to alarm. Here were church and college contributing to an ever widening breach between the sexes. Whether men were less inclined toward culture and religion or not, women were surely progressing more rapidly in both than ever before. The feminine part of society was studying cultural subjects in college, and in church was listening to exhortations on the feminine virtues; the masculine element was going to schools of commerce and engineering and law on week-days, and anywhere else than to church on Sundays; whereas if society was not to be disrupted, men ought to be studying literature and art and listening to sermons on lovingkindness and spirituality, and women ought to be mingling in the current of practical life and acquiring the masculine virtues (if there were any such: the Professor was sure *he* had none).

He had an inspiration. Why not reverse the

order of things, and lessen the breach? Why not cheat segregation of its prey by turning the tables on it, and having female congregations listen to sermons on self-reliance, fortitude, and honor, and forcing men to sit under exhortations to tenderness, charity, mercy, lovingkindness, self-denial, etc.? Why not put women to school to learn business and engineering, and men to learn art, literature, domestic science, and fancy-work? As it was, only those who were whole were under the care of the physician; while they that were sick were growing worse and worse. By encouraging on the one hand hardihood and vigor and animal selfishness a little, and on the other hand the softer virtues, women might be made more masculine and men more feminine, and the sexes be got together, unity preserved, and race suicide averted.

But the Professor's instinct told him immediately that this would never do. You couldn't drive out Nature with a pitchfork in that way. Affairs would have to go on in the old manner.

He knew enough about the processes of civilization to realize that it wouldn't do to worry overmuch about ways of hastening them, or of hindering them.

And besides, what sense in trying to hinder civilization in this case? The Professor's logic asked the privilege of another trial. For civilization really meant the only progress worth while—unless all human effort was being misplaced, and all human theory was wrong, and everyone was pursuing false ideals; and that was unthinkable. If history meant anything, it was that civilization was forward-marching:

> **The thoughts of men were widened with the process of the suns.**

Furthermore, it was equally certain that civilization meant the growth of the virtues: and the virtues were feminine. It might be that many conceived of railroad engines, ocean liners, skyscrapers, dynamos, and airships as the standard by which to measure the progress of civilization;

but the Professor knew better. He knew that civilization was to be measured rather by the degree of safety, happiness, and refined enjoyment of which the individual was assured. There was one thing by which above all others progress was to be measured—virtue—and this was intimately connected with religion and poetry and art, all of which were concerned with the ideal rather than the real, with the feminine rather than the masculine.

In other words, the advance of civilization meant the advance of idealism—that is, the advance of the illogical and the impractical, which men agreed were feminine qualities. For what virtue was either logical or practical? What logic or practicality was there in a strong man's being merciful to a weak man in his power? or in keeping his hands from that which was not his own? or in obeying the dictates of that wonderful product of civilization, the conscience? The virtues were anything but practical; they were always interfering with success. Conscience

was forever making cowards of those who might be wealthy or powerful, did they not heed it.

And still, here were the virtues, in actual existence, a growth of Nature, flowers strangely sprung from the soil of barbarism, a triumph of the impractical over the practical! When all was said and done, it was neither conquest nor commerce which constituted the claim of the nations to honorable mention in history—but the fostering of religion, the production of Homers and Shakespeares and Tennysons, the erection of Parthenons, the painting of pictures, the carving of statues.

So if civilization meant religion and the arts, and religion and the arts were essentially feminine, and the march of progress meant the feminizing of society, the Professor was, after all, prepared to look upon the tendencies of his time with a fair degree of faith and equanimity. It was the way of Nature, and he would abide by it.

He did indeed feel some slight anxiety concerning the gravitation of the sexes away from each

other; but even this disappeared after more mature consideration. For neither were sermon and lecture so fruitful that all who heard them were transformed into children of light, nor were the benefits of culture or the deep things of God limited to those only who attended church and received university degrees.

But even were all women, instead of comparatively few, rapidly becoming cultured and spiritualized, and even were a still greater number of men neglecting to avail themselves of the opportunities of college and church, the Professor felt no apprehension as to the final event; for he reflected that ever since Adam followed the mother of mankind to the forbidden tree, and Orpheus descended to hell for Eurydice, the one principle which was as constant as the northern star,

> Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
> There was no fellow in the firmament,

was that wherever women went men were at some time sure to follow.

CHAPTER XI

THE PROFESSOR SPENDS AN EVENING OUT

"COMING!" the Professor's wife called down over the banisters. "Watch for the next car! All ready now except my waist, my diamond necklace, my aigrette, furs, coat, and rubbers. Do you think we'll need an umbrella? . . . Oh dear, these hooks!"

The Professor sat waiting in the parlor—a pleasant room, with Persian rugs, rosewood grand piano, antique furniture, genuine Renaissance paintings, the great novelists in sheep, and all the other ornamental appurtenances of the average college professor whose textbook has been vigorously pushed in the secondary schools, and who has fortified himself against the charge of total insensibility to the practical by marrying the

only daughter of a respectable captain of finance —that is to say, one who is guilty, in the phrase of a sociological friend of the Professor's, of smokeless sin only.

The Professor had been waiting for some time, as was apparent from both his attitude and his costume. His overcoat was buttoned close, he wore gloves and a silk hat, and his chin was sunk into his breast.

He was clad in evening costume—patent leathers, swallowtail, white vest, dress shirt with pearl studs, standing collar, hand-tied bow, and no jewelry except an ornament on his fob inscribed ΦBK—which means Philosophy, the Guide of Life, whatever conclusions you may have drawn from the course in life taken by those who wear it.

The Professor was correctly dressed. What is more, he was reposefully conscious of it. How this was possible, you will understand when I tell you that he had several years before learned a number of recipes for dressing, from a handbook

which he kept on his dressing-table through two whole social seasons, much after the manner of the young college-bred housewife who keeps her cookbook at hand during the first years of real domestic science. By dint of close study of the Book, and constant application of its principles during two years of feverish social activity, he had become so proficient in the art of The Correct Thing in Dress that costume was now merely a matter of mechanics to him, and no longer taxed his wife's intellect in any but the slightest degree.

His own it taxed not at all. Was it afternoon tea? His hand reached out after the frock coat, tinted tie, and top hat, with the accuracy of a type-setter at his case. Was it a formal dinner or a reception? Behold him with the clawhammer, standing collar, white tie, and pearl studs above described. Was it a dinner for men only? With the same unerring precision the clawhammer gave way to the tuxedo, the pearl studs to gold, the standing collar to the turn-down, the white tie to the black. Whether the

function was for the evening or afternoon, whether it was a dinner or a luncheon, a boating party or a golf game or an auto excursion, a picnic or a theater party or a circus, or any other of the countless and ingenious devices of college men to kill time, whether it was formal or informal, with or without ladies, summer or winter, sacred or profane, professional or otherwise, he never had to hesitate. The Book had become a habit with him. He never had to plan a costume. He had merely to assemble and put it on. And assembling was a matter of few moments and little trouble. At the sound of the Professor's tuneful voice (figuratively, of course), the jarring atoms of his wardrobe sprang together into heavenly harmony with the readiness of the elements in the universal frame of Nature:

> Then hot and cold and moist and dry
> In order to their stations leap,
> And Music's power obey.

It will occur to you, of course, that this kind of dressing is not Art. And of course it isn't.

The Book might better have been called The Technique of Dress than The Art of Dress. If the dress of women, with all its opportunity to be independent and original, is nevertheless largely in slavery to the fashions—which are set either by society queens who are dying of ennui and have to be revived by something new, or by hard-featured, money-wise merchants who create this year's demand by destroying last year's supply, or rendering it useless—who can expect art to have anything to do with masculine attire? No, art in the dress of men is in these business-like, convenient, democratic days to be seen only in statuary and on the stage, where indeed it is only a relic of the art of a bygone age.

It will occur to you, too, that the Professor seems to have spent considerable time in social experiment, considering that during those Handbook days he was in his first years of service, and hoping for promotion. But you are not in the secrets of the profession. A recently created—or ordained—or forced—or incubated—doctor of

philosophy has so many valuable notebooks, and so much confidence in himself and in them, that he is in a much better position to instruct without severe application than older men who have begun to suspect the real nature of graduate instruction and notebook knowledge, and have come under the spell of the conscience that makes cowards of even braver men than college professors. Whether he spends his time in preparing for recitations and lectures, or in saying pretty things at pink teas, doesn't really make so much difference to his classes, who, after all, in these days of youthful and scientific instruction, have got into the way of enjoying dead notes much more than living ideas. Ideas are so unmathematical, unscientific, and unmanageable—always in need of attention, like plants: watering, fertilizing, pruning, tying, grafting, transplanting, re-arranging. Imitation flowers are much less bothersome: which will classify, stay where you put them, and always be at hand when you need them. And as for aroma, who cares for that, anyway? Every-

one knows that the sense of smell is only a product of evolution, and never would have been developed at all if we had only had pure food inspectors from the first. And in that case a glass flower without perfume would have been just as good as a rose, wouldn't it? Are we going to insist on aroma just because we have noses?

And as for promotion, everybody knows that it depends upon the good will of the department head and the dean and the president, which is conditioned on what the social leaders say of the candidate, which in turn depends upon whether he dresses properly and says in fitting fashion the things—or nothings—prescribed by the Book. Once in a great while, of course—and perhaps oftener—you come upon a dean or a president who will not promote on the mere ground of good looks and social accomplishment, and insists on brains, industry, and a measure of common sense; but ordinarily, you understand, it is taken for granted that the inner man is well furnished, if only the candidate hath a goodly outside. To

be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to read and write comes by nature. For your favor, young instructor, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity.

At eight-forty-five the Professor's social ally came downstairs, all in a flurry, and all ready—she said. By nine o'clock she had on her coat and furs, and at nine-fifteen had her hat properly adjusted. At nine-twenty they boarded a car, and at nine-fifty were coming downstairs in the home of the host and hostess of the evening. It took them ten minutes to reach the head of the receiving line, and ten minutes to shake hands—with elevated elbow and down-pointed digits—with the dozen dignitaries who composed it. Then fifteen minutes of peripatetic gesticulation and conversation as they gravitated in the direction of the dining-room, where they stood ten minutes in a crowded corner consuming a quick lunch of lettuce- and ham-sandwiches, nuts and

olives, red-white-and-apple-green ice-cream, and black coffee. Then two minutes in another room before a lemonade and candy stand which ought to have been licensed—and then another circumspect hand-shake, a suspiciously enthusiastic "such a delightful time!" and a final struggle upstairs to the dressing-rooms again.

The Professor and his wife reached home at eleven-thirty. Between them, counting in the dressing, which had begun at four-thirty with the one, and seven forty-five with the other, they had consumed ten and three-quarters hours. This, you understand, does not take into account the time they would spend in getting to sleep; or the extra hours they would waste next morning in the attempt to make up for the evening; or their expenditure of energy; or the damage their self-respect had suffered by reason of all the polite and agreeable things they had said to their fellow-men while under the pressure of polite social environment that evening, and would suffer by reason of all the impolite and disagreeable

things they would say to each other next day under the spur of incipient nervous prostration.

To set in the credit column they had the sense of duty well done, the satisfaction of knowing that exactly the same thing would not recur for a very long time, a rather heavy supper of which they had not been in the least need—and some ten minutes of real sociability. For, to tell the truth, they had fallen in with, in those crowded rooms, three or four persons whom they really knew and really liked, and had "met" one or two more whom they thought they might like if they could ever associate with them under less distracting circumstances—though neither of them could recollect ever *having* begun lasting friendships in this way.

The Professor had made the above calculation while engaged in distributing his type—by which of course I mean the vestimental paraphernalia of the evening. Vestimental may not be in the lexicon, but we must have *some* word, and gar-

bage will hardly do, being already in a more useful service.

After everything was hanging in its proper place, he stepped to his desk and put his figures down on paper, and then came in where Mrs. Professor was distributing *her* type, and waved the paper in her face, at the same time giving vocal expression to his results. "Are you sure you have added right?" were her first words. She had learned never to trust the statistics of a literary professor—which is only not quite so bad as trusting the literature of a statistical professor.

He submitted the sum, which she audited, verified, and approved. "It *does* seem as if we had put a great deal of time and energy into something which had brought us comparatively little, doesn't it? I suppose we really *went* for the sake of sociability, didn't we?"

The Professor sat down on the edge of the bed. "At least that's what everybody *says* these things are for," he replied. "But sometimes I have my doubts. At any rate, if society isn't

for the sake of our knowing and liking each other better, what is it for? . . . Unless it is for the purpose of giving a few people the privilege of climbing to distinction on the backs of a suffering and unsuspicious multitude who are blindly seeking after something they do not understand. . . . But I am not willing to concede that I went this evening for that . . ." He sat a while longer.

Presently he arose and went up on to his Roof-Garden. "*I* can't get to sleep after such an evening as this! Don't you remember the last time? I'm going up on to the roof, among my friends."

It was calm and quiet and restful up there, and invited meditation. It is true, there were lots of people there, but they were not talking, or at least, if they were, it was in the still small voice. Their theory of communication was like Hawthorne's: speech was intended for the use of people who could converse in no other way.

I see that you are wondering. Of course it

was not a really and truly Roof-Garden. It was only the Professor's quiet, secluded, well-worn little study. And as for the people I mentioned, they were the friendly books among which he sat, and had sat for years. They were not books of Special Learning, but books by the great General Practitioners of Life—poets, novelists, essayists, historians. They, too, were well worn—but this is just as much a virtue in your books as in human society. You enjoy your real friends best when they come to you in familiar attire—neat-but-not-gaudy, and not bescented, bedizened, and bold, looking like roués, or courtesans, or the six best sellers.

And I may as well tell you right now, too, that what you read a few pages back about diamonds and rosewood and Persian rugs was all a fiction. The Professor was not rich as this world judges wealth. That was meant merely as a bit of humor; for really, there could be nothing more humorous in all this world than a rich college professor.

That other, too, was a fiction—about his social achievements, and the manner of his promotion. The fact is, his chair was in a college where you really had to be learned; and, further, you had to prove it by writing and publishing something so deep, or so high, or so far away, or so thin, or so dazzling, or so impalpable, or so unheard of, that no one could prove that it was *not* learned. And as for polite society, the social column of the *Morning Hoo Hoo* never heralded in connection with his name "the delightful social function attended by fully six hundred guests, many of them from out of town," and the "pretty lilac luncheon, with covers laid for ten."

Now you must not think the Professor a nonconformist, or a misanthrope, or a misogynist, or a nihilist, or an anarchist, or a sansculottist. He was really a very moderately disposed person, as you shall see, and believed that breeches ought to be ornamental as well as useful.

It is true, he had once or twice in his career

injudiciously given way under extreme provocation, and employed harsh words. Sometimes when he went out to an afternoon reception, and the occasion was not one of the few fortunate accidents of his experience, he was tempted to describe these functions in general in the words of the witty alliterator: "Gabble, giggle, gobble, git!"

Once, too, he had failed to frown properly at a sinful story narrated by an iconoclastic friend. For thirty minutes this friend had struggled through the crowd at a reception, screaming to everyone he met: "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike," and had received at each repetition the almost unvaried formula: "Indeed! How charming! It *is* rather dry. How perfectly fascinating—— Have you met Miss Bumbumburrumbum?" And on their arrival home, his wife had told him, with pleasure in her eyes, that she had a beautiful compliment for him: Mrs. Patricia Trinominate Orobrique had said to her: "What

a perfectly interesting husband you have! Such an addition to our set!"

The time had been, too, when the Professor thought lightly of the sincerity of some society people, and had drawn back at the prospect of *his* growing accustomed to employ the English language with so little regard for what it meant. He had never expected to shine in society. *Quid faciam Romae? Mentiri nescio*—what was he to do at Rome? He didn't know how to lie. Whatever his parents had taught him or failed to teach him, one thing they had impressed on him: that he must tell the truth, or tell nothing. It had cost him endless trouble. He simply couldn't help it: he *would* blush when he lied, even if he was doing it to please someone, and had every assurance that it was perfectly proper.

Through patience and perseverance, however, he had gradually gotten over this as well as other unreasonable prejudices, and could at the bidding of necessity, or even of expediency, receive and

give like other people the counterfeit coin of society. Counterfeit? Yes, counterfeit. And yet, not counterfeit; for those who dealt in it declared that everybody knew that it was counterfeit, and that it deceived nobody, and did no harm, and that therefore it was after all not counterfeit. It wouldn't do to tell the truth all the time. Truth was sometimes unpleasant, and smelled to heaven. A drawing-room was no place for that sort of thing. Hadn't the Preacher said that Pleasant words were as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones? You must have some regard for the amenities. That was as plain as a pikestaff.

It is true, the Professor sometimes had his doubts. He thought he saw that many people *were* duped—as well those who tried to pass the counterfeit and thought they had succeeded, as those who really received it at its apparent value. Even the more astute, too, he thought he saw, gladly received the counterfeit when they knew it was counterfeit. " How is it," asked Thackeray,

"that we allow ourselves, not to be deceived, but to be ingratiated so readily by a glib tongue, a ready laugh, and a frank manner? We know, for the most part, that it is false coin, and we take it; we know that it is flattery, which it costs nothing to distribute to everybody, and we had rather have it than be without it." The Professor thought he could answer the novelist—it was because men were led on by the secret and half unconscious hope that somehow or other the glittering pieces would ring true, or at least that other people would think them genuine.

And there were many, too, who from continued abuse had lost their keenness of vision, and their delicate sense of touch and weight, and could no longer distinguish the true from the false; and there were many more who didn't stop to examine, and accepted all as genuine, and became optimists; and there some who were discouraged and took it for granted that nothing was genuine, and became pessimists; and there was once in a while one who was so accustomed to the counter-

feit that he no longer knew how to use the genuine; and there were not a few who were either so conscientious or so timid that they could do no business at all, and so went bankrupt and lost their place on 'Change.

By these last the Professor took warning. It was a dreadful thing to fail! So he always carried a good supply of counterfeit coin in his pocket to use in case of emergency. He spent it rather gingerly, however, for fear someone might lose by it. Besides, he didn't like to encourage the circulation, being a sound money man by politics. If he did pass small pieces of the bogus sort, it was only to pay in kind, or because it was a pleasant game when you had a proper partner, or because it was amusing to both himself and his friends for him to appear in this rôle, *splendide mendax*. At times when it made any difference to either himself, the person he was with, or the truth itself, he clung to his boyhood ideals, and let his communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay—and was regarded on the whole as

unsafe. For example, he never would have told a woman she could reason, or a fellow-professor that he ought to offer his essays to the *Parnassic*. That would have been to encourage the proud and haughty spirit which everyone knows is followed by a fall that lasts much longer than from morn to dewy eve.

No, I repeat it, the Professor was moderate, and not the least bit dangerous. The proof is, that on the whole he liked society. It made him feel better balanced, healthier in spirit, to go out and mingle with his fellows even in this imperfect and extravagant way. He didn't want to be too censorious. Perhaps it was necessary to expend thus largely of time and money and energy in order to get together a hundred people, or a dozen, for ten minutes' social intercourse. If the intercourse could be got in no other way, why, then, it was worth even that.

If it could be got in no other way . . . Yes, under those conditions he would submit to anything; for almost anything was better than

to be as warped, unbalanced, and unsympathetic as those who lived to themselves alone.

But *was* it impossible to be social under other conditions? The Professor thought not. He couldn't see the necessity of so many social Trimmings. His mind went back to his younger days, and he remembered a far-off corner of countryside where lived a family of farmers, in whose front yard (that was before they were called lawns) you might have seen on almost any evening or holiday afternoon more real sociability than is commonly afforded by a dozen dinners or receptions in high life. Neighbors and acquaintances were in the way of dropping in at any time as they were passing:

> In Saturn's reign
> Such mixture was not held a stain.

If it happened to be mealtime, they were made welcome at the board, and apologies were neither offered nor expected. Genuine and unaffected courtesy and kindness reigned, and the stranger felt no embarrassment.

He remembered another place—a log cabin in the woods—where he had seen the same life. It will probably sound vulgar to you who are more familiar with cocktails and cigarettes, but I must tell you that into this cabin no one came without being offered a clay pipe and a cup o' tay (if you wanted whiskey, you asked for it, like a gentleman, and didn't mix it with your other beverage), and the "lawn" was dusty with marks left by constant games of "quates."

He had happy recollections of his old home in the country, too—of the "big room," included in the plans of the farmhouse because his father wanted to have the neighbors in once in a while for a dance; of a table at which the strange face was no rare phenomenon; of a croquet ground where half the social life of the community was lived.

> Certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
> The cottage left the palace far behind.

But that was long of yore, and in the far away. Perhaps the same sort of life still obtained, back

there in the country. He fervently hoped so, and sometimes he believed so, in spite of a disturbing consciousness of the invasions of telephone service, rural free delivery, electric lines, the mail order business, "maid" servants and trained nurses, scientific eight-hour farming, and all the other Trimmings of civilization. At least, if real sociability *had* departed from the earth, she had left her last footprints in the country, he felt assured—like Justice:

Extrema per illos
Iustitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.

As for sociability in cities, and especially among those who were wont to style themselves the upper class, a man who liked the real thing, but who could not or would not afford the Trimmings, was likely to famish. You might indeed drop into an acquaintance's house, but you felt nervous about it unless it was the "at home" day; and anyway, it was discouraging, this always having to put Cerberus to the trouble of coming to answer the bell and to carry your name to the far-

off recesses of Elysium before you were admitted, to say nothing of the chances of violating the last number of the *Social Home Journal*.

And as for dropping in to a friendly meal . . . the Professor paled at the thought of it. No, you didn't drop. You waited until you got several weeks' notice in a written, perhaps engraved, RSVP'd invitation which you answered with the aid of the Book and the people in the lower flat, and then you put on your most uncomfortable clothes and went to a sort of parade-review, where you were paired off with some person whom your hostess' logic had unaccountably fixed upon as congenial to you, ate a dozen courses which satisfied the principle of unity in art by harmonizing into one indigestible whole, and then, after the end of this dietetic vaudeville, were again united in the bonds of unsociability to talk to someone who was sure not to like you, and whose dislike you were compelled to magnify through your very consciousness of a desperate situation. And then, in return for the favor, you must pay a dinner

call which was robbed of most of its value by the consciousness of all that it *was* a dinner call, and which never concerned *you,* anyway, because you paid it through your wife. And finally, in further payment, you must give a dinner yourself; and if you did, it must be as good as the one you were paying for, and it must be different from it, or you might much better not have given it. Above all, it must be novel. People expected it. The dinner was the thing. Sociability was merely a Trimming. It wasn't the Catonian *convivium,* a living together, but the polite Greek *σύνδειπνον,* a feasting together.

No, there were so many Trimmings to modern social life that it was hard to determine where the substance was, or whether there *was* any substance. It reminded the Professor of his old friend, the Quangle Wangle:

> In the top of the Crumpetty Tree
> The Quangle Wangle sat;
> But his Face you could not see,
> On account of his Beaver Hat.

For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With Ribbons and Bibbons on every side,
With Bells and Buttons and Loops and Lace,
So that nobody ever could see the Face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee!

Really, if you wanted to enter what was called society, you had to be a specialist in Trimmings. To get your diploma meant long study and service; and to keep the position it gave you, you had to spend all your time henceforth and forevermore in keeping abreast of the general movement of Trimmings. Where was one to get time for anything else?

And besides, a worse trouble was that if you once committed yourself to the policy of Trimmings, you found yourself enmeshed in them on every side. Social life was not the only phase of human existence which was so beribboned and beflounced that you couldn't be sure whether there was anything there without first having probed with the sharp sword of the spirit—which not everyone possessed in his armory.

There was religion, with *its* Trimmings. What

did the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all His ways and to love Him, and to serve Him with all thy heart and all thy soul? And yet there had been long periods when, so far as the records of history could show, Trimmings had utterly obscured the shining face of religion, and darkness had covered the earth, and gross darkness the people.

And there was government—what masses of Trimmings, from town board to committees in congress! And there was war, and diplomacy, and philanthropy, and even recreation! The world was filled with the indirect and inessential. And there was——

Something in the word recreation, as its echo sounded in the Professor's imagination, made him think of education. He hadn't had it cross his mind since he came up on to the Garden. His train of meditation was suddenly broken off, and he lost his complacency. Here he had been throwing stones for an hour, forgetting abso-

lutely that his own house was constructed of something less than reinforced concrete. The wonder was that he hadn't wrecked it completely.

He dropped his rocks, much relieved to think he had done no damage. They were only pebbles, after all—smooth stones out of the brook—and he had thrown neither with any great violence nor with the precision of a David.

CHAPTER XII

MIDNIGHT ON THE ROOF-GARDEN

Iamque tenebat Nox—Night had for some time held the mid spaces of the sky, and the Professor was still on the Roof-Garden. He had sat for some time pondering on the Trimmings of Society, and was now gravitating into a meditation on the Trimmings of Life. For the Trimmings of polite society, though they might be more conspicuous and more inane, were nevertheless but one province of the great world of Trimmings Universal. Men were everywhere and at all times in greater or less degree a prey to either the deception or the tyranny of that which was only incidental or accidental to the main business of life.

There was education, for example. The Professor thought of the administration of his col-

lege—of all the regents, registrars, clerks, secretaries, committees, and advisers, of all the printing and writing and classifying and pigeon-holing, of all the roll-calling and quizzing and examination. What was all the marvelous system for? Why, in order that young men and women who came to college to get an education might be prevented from avoiding the thing they came for.

And as for instruction itself (this was a college of Liberal Arts)—what expense for illustrative and experimental apparatus, for professors and assistants, and for scores of thousands of books, nine-tenths of which were repetition or obscuration of the remaining tenth! The shelves of a monstrous library would soon be insufficient to contain them. Many of them would never be read, and most of those that would be read were far from indispensable. The Professor couldn't help feeling some sympathy with the western legislature which refused its university faculty an appropriation for books on the ground that

they hadn't yet read through what they had in their library.

And all this was to teach young people a few ordinary facts, to develop in them the faculty of thought, and to communicate an attitude toward life—something which could be gotten, he had often heard, within four bare walls, if you had five feet of books, a few rough benches, and one or two good teachers. There was such a thing as having so many aids to liberal culture that you never got to the real business of liberal culture, which was to think. Plato and Aristotle and the great men of their time—and of all time—had been fortunate in the absence of Trimmings. Yes, the Professor had even been told that all you needed to do to get a liberal education was to sit at one end of a log, provided at the other end you had a MAN.

And there was business, too. Once upon a time in the Professor's institution an auditing system had been installed. He couldn't remember clearly, but he thought it was at the persuasion

of certain professors who were convinced that the Scientific Method as employed by them might profitably be carried even into the realm of business administration. The scheme involved the creation of a number of highly paid clerks, necessitated endless printing, and cost thousands and thousands of dollars a year, and when it was put into operation nobody could fill the blanks properly without the aid of the professor who invented the scheme, and the educational interests of the institution began to suffer so much from the nervousness of the faculty at large (especially the mathematicians, who found little time for anything but the study and signing of blanks), that the system was abandoned—particularly as there was general apprehension that its inventor might die or resign, and leave his fellow-professors defenseless. The original reason for its installation had been that the professor of philosophy had been unable to account for a shortage of two dollars and forty cents.

And there was government—from the house-

hold to the nation. What duplication, triplication, and multiplication of men and measures and things, what quantities of red tape, and what circumlocution offices! And war—what a magnificent Trimming it was, and what magnificent Trimmings it had: uniforms, battleships, parades, promotions, big guns, manifestoes. And all this to settle questions of right and wrong after the manner of wild beasts: questions, too, raised only by men's ignorance of the real, or their unwillingness to see it. Why not campaign as in antiquity—fight in fair seasons only, and when you did fight get at it directly, in an intimate and familiar way, like Athenian and Spartan?

Modern warfare a contest of wit, not of brute strength? Very well, then, let the Horatii and the Curiatii get together and have an adding match, or let them spell down, or try the paradigm of the Greek verb. Rather, let whole nations do it! *There* would be slaughter for you, and the greatest impulse of all toward the beating of

swords into plowshares, and the inauguration of an era of good spelling.

In philanthropy, too—it cost almost as much to organize charities as to relieve the object of charities. It cost almost as much to send a dollar into foreign missions as the dollar was worth. Balls for the benefit of the poor cost thousands of dollars, and netted tens.

Nothing escaped Trimmings—not even the most sacred things. Even religion had its Trimmings. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, the Professor had often been told, was this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep yourself unspotted from the world. The chief end of man was to glorify God and serve Him forever. It was true, of course, that men's ideas might differ as to methods, but it was also true, if the Professor understood the past and the present, that the Trimmings of religion were especially numerous and mischievous. He thought of the expense of maintaining church worship—paid choirs and

organists, paid florists, salaried janitors, printing, hymn-books, pastors and assistant pastors. He thought of the dozens of organizations in the modern church—brotherhoods, sisterhoods, motherhoods, clubs, societies, and leagues of every description—social, financial, educational, missionary, industrial, athletic, musical, political, dramatic. He thought of theological speculation, of wars and rumors of war, of all the ills religion had been guiltlessly guilty of by reason of Trimmings—

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!

And yet men had always maintained that the conversion of souls was the end toward which religious effort was to be directed. If there was any single detail on which there was unanimous consent as to the method of glorifying God, this was it: men were to go out into the highways and byways, to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. And this was the last and least directly striven for of all. Whether

men did not really, after all, believe in this, or whether they were exhausted before they came to it, it was notorious that they stopped short of its accomplishment. The average man would spend his time, his money, and his strength in maintaining church services and promoting benevolences, but it was all but impossible for him to bring himself to do personal work among his neighbors, or in his own family. It was as if the chief end of man were indeed to glorify God, but that he could not or would not get farther than the glorification of Trimmings.

Yes, Trimmings were universal. Wherever he looked, the Professor saw abundance of the inessential. Many a time when he had tried to divide the truth, his sword, arm, and all had buried themselves in an unresisting mass of ribbons and fluff, and had been withdrawn without a drop of blood to tell of life.

Why was there so much in the world that was indirect, inessential, and merely time-consuming and fruitless? Why were religion, chari-

ties, social communion, education, and even recreation, so beset behind and before by Trimmings that men could live a long life and yet die without intimate acquaintance with the real? The Professor was philosopher enough to know that whatever was, however useless or vile, had some reason for existence. He was impelled to look into the Philosophy of Trimmings.

With the instinct of the Scientific Mind, he reached for pencil and paper, and put down ten or twelve numerical heads at the left margin of the page. There was nothing like mathematical demonstration. For a great many college professors, you know, the lines of Spenser:

> **But wise words, taught in numbers for to run,**
> **Recorded by the Muses, live for aye—**

mean something of this sort.

Opposite number one he set down Ignorance as a full-flowing source of Trimmings. Whether from accident of natal environment, or from subsequent decree of fortune, or from general in-

capacity and dulness, a great many men dwelt so continually in the realm of Trimmings that they were ignorant of the attractiveness of the kingdom of the genuine, or were not even aware of its existence. The Professor recalled an old story: Hieron had it thrown up to him, by a certain one of his enemies, that his breath was foul. Going home, therefore, to his wife: "What do you say?" he cried. "You never told me of this!" But she, being a properly discreet and guileless girl: "I thought," she said, "that this was the way *all* the men smelled!"

So there were many who knew nothing of the charm of simplicity and truth, and who made life into coarse and gaudy kaleidoscopic change. Among them were the rich and the powerful who had always had their desires, and who had always been fawned on and flattered, and separated from the wholesome truth; and among them, too, were the newly-rich, and the silly poor who envied and imitated them, people who judged plays by the scenery, novels by the description, and men

by their clothes, and all others whose vision was so blunt or whose natures were so careless that their eyes never penetrated beyond the exterior.

For short, the Professor called this class Fools —not meaning to reproach them, you understand. He knew that fools were born, not made. A wiser man than he had said that though you should bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet would not his foolishness depart from him.

Opposite the second head the Professor placed Vanity. Many men, and women, were filled with inordinate love of praise—not so bad when they themselves were genuine, and when what they strove for was legitimate fame, the fame

> That the clear spirit doth raise
> (That last infirmity of noble mind)
> To scorn delights and live laborious days;

but productive of endless cheap Trimmings when they were of common clay, and were resolved

on distinction whether for worthy causes, or unworthy. For, the emptier of merit your seeker after distinction, the greater the number and brilliance of the Trimmings he must employ to attract attention. Here were to be catalogued men and women in the whirl of society, ministers and professors who diverted their congregations and classes with refined vaudeville, "original" poets and short-story writers, and the rest of the long line of life's players who for the most part were capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbshows and noise.

Thirdly in the Professor's list came people of Disordered Taste, who could be amused only by constant novelty. He did not stop long here—just long enough to make a note of neurotic society queens—and kings—jaded epicures, and the blasé and burnt-out in general. God made them, and therefore let them pass for men.

For the fourth head he wrote down the Unwilling—those who had unpleasant or impossible duties to perform, and who avoided the labor of

execution or the shame of confession by prolonging their attention to the Trimmings. He recalled once being sent into the garden, in his now far-away childhood, to get a currant switch —for purposes which his mother knew perfectly, and regarding which he himself had what he later learned to call a good working hypothesis. A half hour afterward, she came out and found him patiently pulling weeds along the whole row of bushes. He would come soon, when he had finished.

He called to mind an incident of his later youth, too, when he had taken a young lady to a picnic ten miles away, driven a circuit of fifteen to get home, gone a mile or two beyond the gate and back, played a game of croquet, sat an hour in the parlor, invited her to another picnic, and gone away without having asked her the question as a preliminary to which he had planned the whole day. This was not unlike the college religious association of his own experience which conducted an extensive and expensive epistolary

campaign, met five hundred students at the station at the beginning of the college year, helped them find rooms, saw them through the line on registration day, gathered and compiled their religious statistics, delivered repeated invitations to its meetings, entertained them at socials and sacred concerts, all for the purpose of paving the way for personal work with them—and by this time noticed with relief that it was time to prepare for the June examinations.

The fifth class was not so innocent. There were many who employed Trimmings deliberately, to Deceive. There were monarchs, for example, who wanted money for the wars, and blinded their peoples with splendid words and ways. There were framers of tariff legislation, pseudo-artists, orators, and musicians, professors who didn't want to resign, magicians, and clairvoyants. It was to the interest of all of these for the audience to see, not the real thing, but the Trimmings.

Against number six the Professor placed a less

reprehensible cause of Trimmings. This was man's natural Impatience of Inactivity. He thought of certain of his students who always groaned unutterably when they hesitated for a word in translation. He called to mind, too, a classmate in philosophy who, at the moment he was called on, promptly began to recite, and talked on until he came to something. Mankind, especially in his own country, liked to see "something doing." There was something reposeful in activity, even if you were not sure it was going to accomplish your end. The Professor had been in many committee meetings, sacred and profane, when a plan of action was adopted and everybody was set to work without anyone's knowing very well what it was all about. By the time he had found out, he was in the case of the Knickerbocker historian, and had to pause and take breath, and recover from the excessive fatigue he had undergone in preparing to begin his undertaking —"in this but imitating the example of a renowned Dutch tumbler of antiquity, who took a

start of three miles for the purpose of jumping over a hill, but having run himself out of breath by the time he reached the foot, sat himself quietly down for a few moments to blow, and then walked over at his leisure."

Only—most people had neither the courage nor the sense of the Dutchman, but turned back, or kept on sitting, or took a run for another hill, with the same result. The world was full of people who were either running toward hills, or blowing from effort: by the look of them you would think them mighty leapers. But when hills were climbed, it was usually by sober people who made no great fuss either before or during the ascent.

When the Professor came to the seventh head he pondered for some time. He knew there were more causes for Trimmings than a mere half dozen, and yet at the moment he could think of nothing more to set down. He leaned back and thought. . . . Perhaps if he let his mind wander a while in the general realm

of Trimmings, he would receive a suggestion.

He hadn't gone farther than the Trimmings on his wife's last hat (hats were good that year) when the suggestion came. It was Art; and the Trimmings that resulted from *it* were legitimate and desirable. The reason why he had not thought of it before was of course that he had not been looking for virtue in Trimmings. But you must not get the idea that the Professor was set against *all* Trimmings—one of the kind who think clothes are *only* for covering and warmth, church spires only for the support of lightning rods, and language and pictures only for the convenience of advertisers. Not at all.

Quite the contrary, one of the few principles of art which he thought he understood was that architecture—and all the other arts—stood in need of certain devices to emphasize dimensions and outlines, to aid the eye and the soul to comprehend the essential meaning of what was before

them. The human body in painting and sculpture needed skilfully arranged drapery, and so it did in life—to set off its exquisite lines. A temple needed color and ornament to give it clarity of outline; a vase was the better for decoration to give its graceful proportions more distinctness.

In the same way, religious devotion stood in need of music and speech and form, the poem must have rhyme or rhythm, and the general business of life had to be clarified and expedited by the Trimmings of organization and the amenities. Without this kind of Trimmings life could not be lived abundantly, and civilization would degenerate into barbarism.

But the Professor's principle of art went on farther, to specify that ornament existed not for its own sake, but for the sake of what it ornamented. Here was the trouble with that great work of art, human life: it had not in all cases been left to artists to furnish the Trimmings. Pseudo-artists, well-meaning bunglers, and even artizans, had all too frequently been commissioned

on great works. Ignorance and Conceit and Commerce had filled the world with base imitations which contained but a negligible part of the excellence of the real, and were possible only because the undiscriminating multitude lived by Trimmings alone. Just as there were pseudo-Plautuses and pseudo-Peruginos; so were there pseudo-culture, pseudo-religion, pseudo-education, pseudo-sociability, and pseudo-amusement.

And that human kind was wasting itself over Trimmings was not the worst thing about it. That was bad; but worse was the fact that Trimmings were responsible for the great breaches between men and men. The hierarchy of human society was in the last analysis due to the inessential. All men were by nature desirous of distinction—among them the undeserving no less than those who possessed merit. To such, since Reality could bring no distinction, the way to it lay open only through paths that *were* available. They could not excel; therefore they would differ. Trimmings, loud and ex-

pensive imitations of the Real, would insure them their desire. These could be purchased. Enter money. Enter strife and struggle, selfishness, injustice, violence, oppression, crime, splendor, misery. The history of civilization was filled with it. The history of mankind, the Professor had read, was the history of the struggle for liberty. Liberty from what, if not from the oppression of those who were in blind and passionate pursuit of Trimmings?

The Professor left eight, nine, and ten blank, for future convenience: he might think of something further before sleep overtook him—or he overtook sleep. He would take the sheet and pencil to his room, so that he could get up and use them in case he had an idea—like the great men he had read about.

Meanwhile, he jotted down a remedy. Of course you expect one; and, being a Professor, of course he had one to propose.

It didn't require much space. It was just the single word: Philosophy.

When I tell you that it was philosophy, of course your first thought is that the Professor was a doctrinaire. But he wasn't, except in the innocent matter of thinking that the subject he taught was indispensable to any rational education. But this is common to all professors. For your real doctrinaire you must go to modern subjects, not to professors of Greek and Latin literature, who have met so much twentieth century civilization in ancient Athens and Rome as to recognize that what is called progress is after all more or less a matter of Trimmings; that

> Science proceeds, and Man stands still.
> Our world to-day's as good, or ill,
> As cultured, nearly,
> As yours was, Horace——

and who look twice before organizing an international faculty baseball game on the strength of possessing an untested soap-bubble.

The Professor was under no delusions. He knew that philosophy was no Cure-all. If it had been, Trimmings would have gone out of style

long before Socrates. Not that it had no potency. The Professor could testify to its efficacy. The trouble was, you couldn't get people to take it. Some made faces at the first dose, and declared that the remedy was worse than the disease. Others would not look at it: they had taken medicine before, and it was bitter. Still others had already tried it, and it had done them no good. The fact was, there were so many worthless imitations that many never got the genuine, soon became discouraged, and lost faith. For Trimmings are wont to obscure philosophy as well as other goods of life.

But Real Philosophy the Professor knew was a good thing for rich and poor alike, and neglect of it was harmful to both young and old. And an older and wiser than either he or Horace had said that wisdom was the principal thing, and called happy the man who found it. Length of days was in her right hand: and in her left hand riches and honor.

You see that the Professor's Philosophy was

the kind without Trimmings, or at least that it was very lightly trimmed, and by his own hand. I ought to have told you in the first place that it was neither Stoic, nor Epicurean, nor anything else with a name.

But if it was without fixed form, and variable according to the taste of the individual artist, it was nevertheless not void. It had one immutable tenet: its essence was the just perception of values—to know a good thing or a good man when you saw one; to realize in thought *and* action that the eternal verities were few, but real; that the simple and the Untrimmed goods of life were in the main the nearest at hand and the most abundant, and also the most valuable; and that Trimmings for Trimmings' sake did not pay.

And it was not a philosophy of the head only. It was also a philosophy of the heart. If it were not so easy to be misunderstood, perhaps it would be as well to call it Religion; for if you strip religion of its Trimmings, you find at its heart

a philosophy of life, or you find nothing at all. And it was like religion, too, in this: that it didn't depend upon learning, though learning (of the Untrimmed sort) made it more intelligent and effective.

And if the Professor was no doctrinaire, and no conventionalist, neither was he that other unpleasant but indispensable character, the Uncompromising Idealist. He would not rail at Trimmings, like a Juvenal; he would laugh at them, like a Flaccus. After all, the world was bound to have Trimmings, and part of the world liked Trimmings better than anything else. Definitions might vary. It was the fitting thing for each to measure himself by his own yard-stick.

But for his single self, he had as lief not be as live to be in awe of such a thing as Trimmings. He would not be enslaved. Every philosopher was a king, and every fool a slave. He would be answerable to his own conscience. He would submit to Trimmings when they were necessary, enjoy them when they were innocent, encourage

them when they were real art, laugh at them when they were silly, and despise them only when they were vile. He would follow the sage's advice—to be, not seem. He would teach his students first of all the messages of the great souls of literature; he would let his charity begin at home, in just and generous dealing with those whose lot was less fortunate than his own; he would let his religion be the giving of the cup of cold water in His Name, and to owe no man aught but to love one another; he would meet his friends on the basis of congeniality of spirit, without regard to their rank or the amount of their possessions; his diversions, too, he would seek in the realm of the unconventional. He would cling to the eternal verities, according to the teaching of his friends of the Roof-Garden, and with as little indirection as possible in the midst of a society whose members were so intent on the Trimmings of life as to lose the reasons for living:

Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

So concluding, the Professor descended from the Roof-Garden, and slept the sleep of the man who has formulated a restful theory of conduct.

THE END

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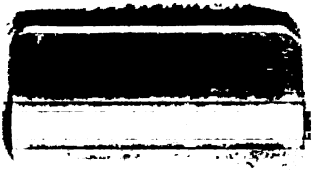
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